

BACHELORS WHO JOIN SWAP CLUBS

another exclusive report from MR.'s own sex survey

mr.

JULY • 60¢ • K

**THE MAKING OF
CARROLL BAKER**

why big-name stars don't just "happen"

**WHO'S AFRAID OF A
NUDE WAITRESS?**

a tale with a moral
from out San Francisco way

**WHAT
ONE COVER GIRL
IS REALLY LIKE
AT HOME**

reporter Irving Cane
probes the psyche of curvy
Colette Berne





EVERYTHING I'VE GOT—Honor Blackman (London 3408)

Honor Blackman should be familiar to movie fans as Pussy Galore in the James Bond fantasy, "Goldfinger." She makes her disc debut in a throaty pussyish rendition of some lesser known torch songs that should raise goose pimples on some listeners, and put others to sleep—depending on your metabolism or tastes in singing. Personally I'll always associate "Goldfinger" with Shirley Bassey and vice versa. She made the movie even if she wasn't seen in it, just as Louis Armstrong made "Hello Dolly" the musical hit it is. Verdict: Give this to the dogs.

NOBODY ELSE BUT ME—Tommy Leonetti (RCA Victor LPM 2962)

A voice to watch and pleasant to listen to, this newcomer to the big labels has a vital vibrancy that took Sinatra, Tony Bennett and others many hard years to cultivate. Verdict: Passable pop.

NOBODY BUT ME—Lou Rawls (Capitol 2273)

A big new blues sound, Lou Rawls crawls right into your skin with his soul searching vocals, ably abetted by that master of jazz accompanists Benny Carter and his band. Benny's presence alone should make this disc worthwhile, we have so little of him nowadays (he spends his time in Hollywood scoring and playing for movies and accompanying singers) but Rawls is a blues force to reckon with. Verdict: Double hit.

A LOVE SUPREME—John Coltrane (Impulse 77)

Avant garde jazz buffs will get as much a kick out of these three long tracts by "Colt" and his Quartet, played with typical Coltrane abstract finesse, as his liner notes for the album—a paean to God in poetry and prose as extraordinary as his music. Verdict: Someone up there must dig jazz.

IN A RELAXED MOOD—Harry James (MGM 4274)

The Harry James story is a peculiar one of ups and downs and—from a jazz point of view—good and bad. In the days before James became the darling of Hollywood musical spectaculars with Esther Williams, Betty Grable (whom he married) et al, and the leader of a much recorded big band playing the type of circus-trumpet now associated with Al Hirt, he used to be a pretty good jazz musician. He is best known to the present generation for his commercials for Kleenex tissues. But if you want to know how he could sound playing straight jazz without the Hirt-circus frills, dig this disc. James is for the most part as restrained and tasteful as he was in the early '30s, when he played with Goodman and Hampton, and except for occasional lapses into the florid, he is worth lending an ear to. A small group backs his horn admirably. Verdict: Curious but good.

BOLLING'S BAND'S BLOWING—Claude Bolling (Philips 77.965)

Bolling's name may be unfamiliar to American listeners, but he's as well known in France, where he plays, as say Duke Ellington—and the comparison is not far-fetched. Bolling made his name imitating the Duke and his band generated such Duke-like swing in the '40s that expatriate ex-Ellington alumni like Rex Stewart recorded some memorable sides with them. Here, many years later, we find Bolling and his French group still on a Duke kick, but not as much as before. They swing mightily on some originals with solo honors shared by Bolling and his long time clarinet, alto and tenor-saxist Gerard Baldini, who sounds alternately like Coleman Hawkins and Johnny Hodges (particularly in an Ellington-oriented piece called "Nuances.") Verdict: Encore.

FOR OJANGO—Joe Pass (Pacific Jazz 85)

A musician who didn't imitate but has been often imitated was Django Reinhardt, the remarkable Belgian gypsy guitarist who was the strongest influence on European jazz, particularly in France, before the war, his recordings with the Hot Club of France being much prized treasures on both sides of the Atlantic and every part of the world that digs le music hot. Well, Joe Pass, a competent guitarist on his own, now pays tribute to this guitar immortal (Django died some years ago) with some of the pieces best associated with the jazz gypsy, plus two originals—his own "For Django" and John Lewis' "Django." Pass doesn't attempt to imitate the great Django (except for an occasional passage) preferring to use his own style. Which makes this tribute all the more intrinsic. Verdict: Django will be pleased.

dear mr.

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Dear MR.: I have read your magazine for years and enjoy it very much. As R.W.G. in the May issue said, "I think it is the best of the men's magazines, and like most the department covering letters to the editor." I too am in my late forties and would like to see some more mature type women. There are also women in their late 30's and early 40's that are worth more than a second look. I go along with him about the 25 and 30 year old rather than these kids of 19 or 20.

I particularly like your running articles on wife swapping and associated headings. The only thing I can say in closing is keep up the good work. I am sure that those who throw the bricks at you, you have more bouquets around you to cushion the impact.

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Dear Mr. Meyers: Magazine Service,

Box 41, Red Feather Lakes, Colorado 80545 is equipped to supply a limited number of back issues of MR. Magazine, and also desires to purchase back issues. Readers who care to either sell or buy back issues, are invited to contact us but must supply a stamped self-addressed return envelope. We have also been able to supply foreign subscriptions in a number of cases and inquiries (accompanied by international reply coupons) will receive our careful attention.

C.N., Colorado

Dear C.N.—We are printing your note as a favor to readers who may wish this service—which we gather a number of individuals do. At this time no back issues are available from the publisher.

Dear MR. Magazine: My name I'll say is Beth. I finished the eleventh grade and started the 12th, but because I felt at 18 I was getting nowhere with dates because all anyone ever wanted of me was to have a hack seat intercourse relation and I didn't nor do I now go for it. Anyway I met a guy who asked me to marry him. I said yes.

I wanted sex yes but under the legal sense of marriage, because to me, the back seat of cars, beaches and drive-in movies are no place for boy and girl or man and woman to have a sexual relationship.

For a few months we had a very good marriage, but since my husband (who I'll call Ralph) didn't believe in preventatives. So when I became pregnant, well he decided I was spoiled, as far as good sexual relationship was concerned. So he played around until my child was born. Then for a few months again we had a very good relationship. Then the second time I got pregnant, again I was no way fit for good sexual behavior as far as Ralph was concerned.

So when my second child was born I decided I couldn't go on like this forever. I was more than a (machine) so I divorced Ralph. In 1960, at the age of 23, I married Phil.

Phil and I both believe in sex very strong. We love it, we love to excite each other, try new positions and enjoy our bedroom play any time day or night. But we both believe we married each other and therefore we shouldn't have sex parties, swap partners or date other couples and have sex in cars, drive-ins and so on.

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J.L., Texas

Dear Mr. Shelton: I have been following with interest your series on "wife trading." I wish to contribute my thoughts for what they are worth. I am 48 years old, am married (wife 42), father of two children, boys age 18 and 20, make a salary of \$23,000 per year and am a professional man with a doctor's degree (earned, not honorary). I work in the social sciences and will therefore speak authoritatively of other than personal experience.

I feel that so far in the series you have heard only from the extremely radical and the extremely conservative groups. That is, they are either for total abstinence outside of marriage or they would like to see everyone in a "swap club." I hope to present my attitudes as a moderate.

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However, the largest majority of exchanges are on the two-couple level. Of these, the majority may have only one or two couples that they are active with. The number of couples engaged in club activities involving ten or more couples is definitely in the minority. Generally speaking, few couples will admit relations with one couple to another couple with which they are having relations. The couple that is known to be active with more than one or two other couples is generally considered to be promiscuous.

There are many exchange groups within the armed forces, especially those forces which are highly mobile, such as air forces. In most of these cases, when the husband is away from his base for a three to six month tour, his wife is taken care of just as he is

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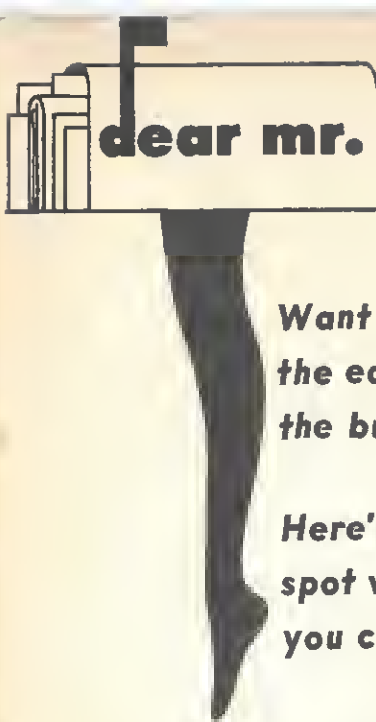
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YES! I will show you how to build a PROVEN HIGH PROFIT·LOW INVESTMENT·MINIMUM EFFORT SECOND INCOME or BUSINESS of Your OWN

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Everything you need to know is in this exciting book: You'll find every step in dozens of profitable spare-time ventures requiring no investment other than a little time! For example:

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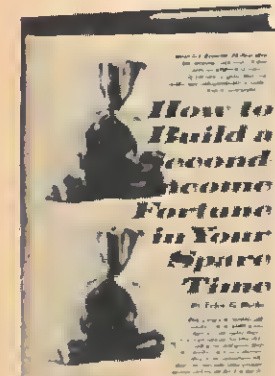
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MR. GOES SHOPPING



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Easy-to-assemble Panellaire ▶ Room Divider Kit with decorative grillework inserts, 26 inches wide, white or gold. Only \$19.95 from Panelboard, 222 Pacific St., Newark, N.J.



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Portable ALARMOBILE screams ▶ when burglar bumps it. Silent until tilted, it works in car, home on dry cells. \$6.95 from Theodore Moon, Dept. 198, 583 West Fairview, Somerset, Pa.

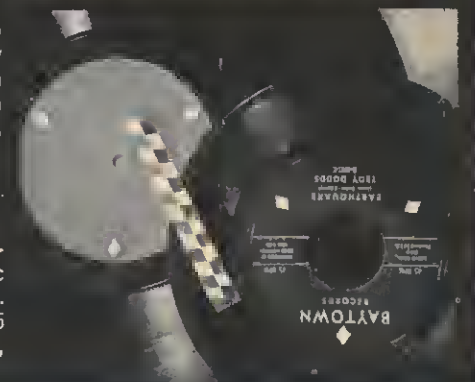
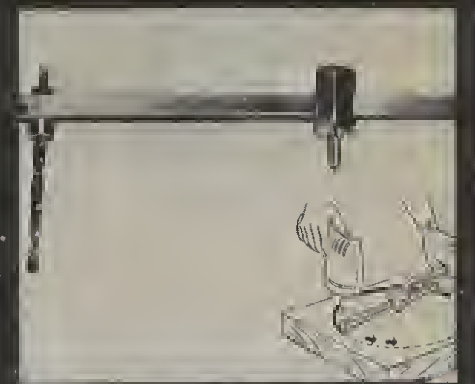
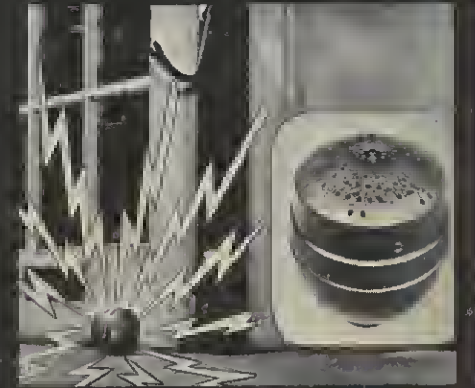


◀ SCORE spray deodorant's fast success is due to hearty male fragrance plus improved, more potent formula says maker Bristol-Myers. Two sizes—\$1.00 and \$1.49—in stores everywhere.

New COMPASS CUTTER uses ▶ any electric drill to make holes, circles up to 20" diam. Can cut steel. \$9.95 ppd., Nassau Shores H & G, Dept. 242, 5500 Merrick Road, Massapequa, N.Y.

◀ LAMPETTE high intensity lamp keeps getting more versatile, now with handsome magnetic pen desk set. \$29.95 complete with converter, in gift, department, stationery and lamp stores.

Adhesive-backed Record Tabs ▶ prevent slipping on automatic changers, cushion record drop. \$1.00 brings you enough for 25 records. Treo Co., P.O. Box 3450, San Francisco 19, Cal.





"Aunt Martha can't do anything simple."



(Continued from p. 2) at the foreign base. Close personal friendships are formed in these services and they look out for their own. Actually, few problems develop as a result of such activity.

One such case, Jane and Tom (pseudonyms), had been married for eleven years. Tom was a flying officer and during the first seven years of marriage had been away from home no more than two months at a time. Jane was above-average in looks and build and was very adept in bed. They were completely compatible and enjoyed sex from six to twelve times per week when he was home. At the end of the eighth year of marriage Tom received an assignment under which he was rotated away for more than five months and then home for an equal length of time. The first six months was rough for both of them and the second six months rewarding but marred by the thought that it would be followed by an equal period of abstinence. Since there were others of Tom's group that had the opposite switch, it became the natural thing for he and Jane to enter into an agreement with another couple. Jane and the children moved to Tom's point of assignment and they "switched wives" every six months. This type of exchange is really rather common. It has also saved many respectable women from an undesirable and embarrassing situation which her passions would force her into.

Probably the most common type of exchange is where there is a disparity between the sexual appetite of the husband and wife. Sexual appetite is a trait which is the result of training and is therefore the attitudes instilled by one's parents. One can therefore readily see that it is practically impossible for two persons to have exactly the same sexual appetite. They may be close enough in nature to allow adequate adjustment or they may be so alien as to cause serious difficulty.

What is a wife to do if she desires intercourse every night and her husband desires it only once per week? This is a serious threat to the marriage. One answer is to stimulate the husband. This might very well be done by an ocean voyage (which few can afford), by aphrodisiacs (which don't really work), or by changing partners with a friend (which will most likely not only stimulate the husband, but will help to lower the level of the wife's demands). This is a very common type of exchange but is usually found in connection with a fast husband and a slow wife. This also has saved many marriages from dissolution.

If one looks at your article "Why I'll Never Swap My Wife" in the January 1964 issue, one might ask the first contributor quoted why he and his present wife did not make a success of their first marriage. It would also be interesting to know whether he and his second wife had premarital sex relations with each other. My guess is that they did and that as a result of it he picked for his second wife, a woman who had the same (or nearly so) sexual desires and appetite as he. It would also seem that much of his criticism is not of the swap clubs but of those people who make \$10,000 per year.

As for J.C.'s comment that "Whether these people think so or not, they are making fools out of themselves, and the word sex, too. I was always led to believe that sex and love went together. It is evident that some people just love sex." I would agree that some of them have made fools of themselves. I would also agree that some people love sex and I say "Hooray." I also know that a man can love his wife without limits and still not be sexually satisfied by her. I also know the opposite to be true. I also know that in many instances a couple has been brought to sexual parity by an occasional swap.

As for the statement of J.M.: There is no doubt that a man and wife who willingly trade will be more closely attuned to each other. But she showed her stripe when she said, "... I have a good thing going with a fellow whose wife will not agree to swap." She is most likely wrecking a marriage, perhaps two marriages.

Luckily, most of the swaps are between two or three couples and not greatly publicized. It is unfortunate that more couples who exchange with one or two other couples have not responded to your magazine. This is the basis of the really gratifying trade. Not only does it have a very satisfying effect sexually, it also creates a certain social satiety which is attainable in no other way. It creates friends who are friends, real friends, for life. One has to see it in operation in Scandinavian countries to really see the stabilizing effects it produces.

Needless to say, there are those people who will not and should not engage in such activities. For those who wish it, there are many rewards; for those who do not find appeal in the idea, then so be it.

My wife and I are both of the Protestant religion (I transferred from another). And yes, we have been discretely trading since we were in Scandinavia at the end of World War II.

N.A., New Jersey

Dear J.L. and N.A.—Thank you both for sharing your thoughts with us and the other readers of MR. Magazine. While you obviously represent differing points of view in some areas, you seem to agree in the thought that ideas and beliefs should be shared and aired.

Dear MR.: In answer to J.J. (who wrote in the April issue about spanking his sister-in-law—Editor) let me say I am 35 and my wife is 32 and we have been married for 8 years. Last year her sister and husband were killed in an accident, leaving a daughter not quite 16. We were her only relatives so we took her in to live with us.

Talk about a headstrong spoiled kid, she was it, very defiant and sassy. At times I saw tears in my wife's eyes because she could not handle the girl.

A few weeks ago she came home quite late on a Saturday night and as I questioned her she said, "All right scold me and get it over with so I can get to bed." I was doing a slow burn but tried to keep it under control. "I am not going to scold you," I told her.

"Oh, so you have finally given that up, 'cause it doesn't do any good," she said with a sneer in her voice. Well that did it. I grabbed her arm and pulled her over to a straight back chair, taking up a ping-pong paddle as I passed the table. Soon I was seated on the chair with her over my lap, I lifted her skirts and pulled down her nylon panties.

"Don't you dare," she shouted as she realized my intentions.

I proceeded to apply the paddle to her bare bottom and each spank brought a scream from her as she kicked and twisted as she tried to get away. Her bottom was white, then pink and at last an angry red as the paddle found her quivering flesh. She had stopped her screaming and kicking and just lay there and sobbed.

When I figured she had enough I stopped and stood her up. I shall never forget that sight as she stood there with her panties around her ankles. She had a tear-streaked face, but her eyes had a gleam in them.

She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the lips. "I am so glad you did that, for the first time in my life someone loved me enough to make me behave. Thanks," and she dashed off to bed.

The next day as she ate her dinner she sat upon a pillow and talked polite and friendly. Since that day she has been a much better girl. So J.J. take it from there.

P.F., Ill.

Dear Sir: I happened on a copy of your magazine and have bought the (Continued on page 59)

ALICIA'S FOURTH YEAR RASH

WHEN RAFAEL REFUSED TO ANSWER TO THE NAME "RALPH" IT MAY HAVE BEEN HE HAD SOMETHING BETTER PLANNED THAN TENNIS • By ROSE LYNN

■ There is an especially languorous time in the afternoon, after the last business lunch has been cleared away and before the first cocktails are served, when everyone is back at work and the day curls up to relax before pushing onward, a velvet and voluptuous time of day savored by those who should be elsewhere but have given themselves up to sweet dalliance.

Fortunate is the woman who indulges her inclinations during this time of day, and lucky is the man who can get the afternoon off.

There is a malady peculiar to the modern American woman—a rash at the base of the wedding ring finger that erupts capriciously—and medical science will have you believe it is caused by the use of detergents.

Each day, hundreds of women with itching fingers troop to doctors to be told that the rash they have suddenly developed is commonly known as "detergent burn." A soothing salve and good pair of rubber gloves are prescribed.

If it had not been for a South American named Rafael, who refuses to answer to the name Ralph, Alicia would not have known otherwise.

Alicia is a well-rounded gleaming brunette who manages to keep attractively tanned all year around because she lives in California and plays tennis in short, pleated dresses. Her husband also plays tennis. So does Rafael.

One Sunday at the club, Alicia's husband called—"A game of singles, Ralph?" Rafael did not answer him, so he joined a doubles game, a fateful move.

"My name is Ra-fa-el," enunciated the South American as he sat down next to Alicia on the sunny bleachers. "Is it so difficult to say?" His tone softened as his eyes rolled over her in open-hearted appreciation.

"You have beautiful legs," he said, turning so that his knees touched her bare right thigh. "You are so smooth, up here." A knee nudged. "So many women—they are not smooth."

Rafael always made Alicia nervous. Especially so then. She began to rub a rash at the base of her wedding ring finger.

"Ahh—" said Rafael, a man who has just come upon a forgotten Gevrey-Chambertin in a dusty corner of his wine cellar. He took her left hand and enveloped it in both of his.

"I've got to see a doctor tomorrow about that rash," said Alicia. She tried to retrieve her hand which was itching wickedly.

"Do you know what causes it?"

"Detergents or something." With a quick, light motion she pulled free her hand. Rafael swiveled beside her so that his thigh solidly met hers from hip to knee. "How long have you been married?"

"Four years. . . ."

"Ahh—" another dusty bottle of Chambertin from the forgotten corner.

"Tomorrow," he told her, "do not go to see a doctor. I will pick you up at 1 o'clock. We will have lunch."

"A woman of your—" his eyes traveled, "—intelligence, should know about the Fourth Year Rash." He rose briskly, having laid plans for a prime and rewarding deal.

"Rafael, I—"

He stood above her, his black hair parted and combed precisely.

Dark brown eyes looked down at her. "Do not wear a full skirt."

A woman with your figure should never wear full skirts."

"Rafael, I—" Alicia repeated silently to herself and her eyes followed the retreating dark-haired figure without blinking until the figure was a blur and her thoughts a haze. . . . Rafael, I can't, I shouldn't, tomorrow, whatever, why didn't I say no, make a joke, his thigh up my thigh, whatever!! She snapped back to the clarity of the day and realized she had scratched to a raw red that damned rash.

Alicia rifled through the rack in her clothes closet and found, with a pleasant quiver, that she did not own a dress with a full skirt. Humming "Girl from Ipanema" she brushed the soft down of a beige cashmere dress that was styled to merely accompany the talent of her proportions.

At 12:45, glowing bronze, eye-shadowed, sprayed hypnotic, high-heeled and shining young with hair swinging smooth, she felt hollow right in the pit of her stomach.

At 12:50 she poured herself a generous belt of bourbon, closed her eyes and hunched her shoulders as it burned slowly down, and at 1:00, opened the door to Rafael. "You look delicious," he said.

(Continued on page 58)



THE MAKING OF CARROLL BAKER

WHY BIG-NAME HOLLYWOOD STARS DON'T JUST "HAPPEN"

By **BERNIE STILES** • Ever since the death of Marilyn Monroe some two years ago, Hollywood has been on the alert for a new sex goddess, and hundreds of columns of newspaper space have been devoted to such subjects as "Who Will Take MM's Place?" Tuesday Weld, for several years Glamourville's enfant terrible, seemed a likely candidate. A teen-aged blonde, as uninhibited as she was curvy, she even aped Marilyn's dialogue: "I sleep under a blanket of Arpege," she would answer one question. "No, I don't bite my fingernails; I have someone come in and do it for me." Sue Lyon, the nymphet of "Lolita," was frequently mentioned. And such wowee imports as Ursula Andress and Elke Sommer, already a pinup queen in Europe, were figured high in the running.

But it never occurred to anyone that the dame most likely to succeed Marilyn and her predecessors, Theda Bara, Jean Harlow, et al, was a thirty-four-year-old avowedly serious actress named Carroll Baker. Nobody, that is, except maybe Carroll and her husband, director Jack Garfein and, later, that master showman Joe Levine.

True, back in 1956, Carroll had made a sensational splash as "Baby Doll," a movie that brought a ringing denunciation from a big wheel in the Catholic Church, and which won a "C" (for condemned) from the fellows who decide such things. But Carroll had done little since to live up to such jazzy advance notices. She had retreated into anonymity, which wasn't, in fact, any great feat. She could wheel her babies—she has two children, Herschel, now seven, and Blanche, six—in Central Park without raising the temperature of a single male lolling on a park bench . . . walk into Sardi's for lunch, wearing a little cloth coat, flat-heeled shoes, and almost no make-up, without causing a head to turn.

(Continued on page 55)



FALL OUT!

BOB SCHOCHET



UH OH
LOOK AT
THAT SKY!



THESE DARK
CLOUDY DAYS
ARE DANGEROUS...

YOU HAVE TO BE
ESPECIALLY
CAREFUL.



E EK... JUST WHAT
I WAS
AFRAID
OF -



IT'S
FALL-OUT!



HELP!



IT'S COMING DOWN
IN A DANGEROUS
QUANTITY.



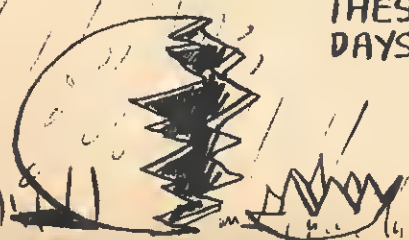
GOTTA FIND
PROTECTION FROM
THIS DRAT
FALL-OUT.



AHH, JUST MY LUCK!



IF THERE'S
ONE THING
THAT'S A
NECESSITY
THESE
DAYS -



IT'S ONE
OF THESE
FALL-OUT
SHELLS!

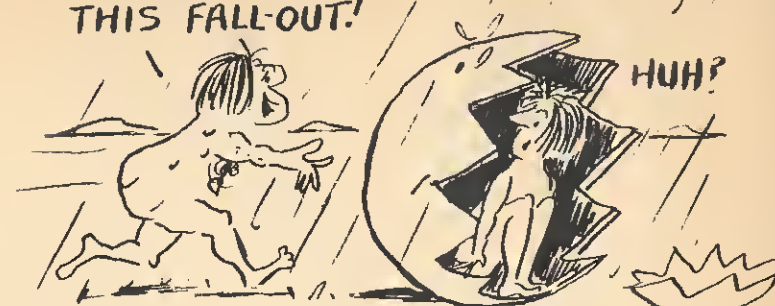


SCHOCHET

SAFE IN THE
COMFORT OF MY
OWN LITTLE SHELL.



THANK GOODNESS,
MY BEST FRIEND,
SAVE ME FROM
THIS FALL-OUT!



GO GET YOUR
OWN DAMN SHELL!



SCHOCHET

SOME PEOPLE HAVE
SOME NERVE TRYING
TO IMPOSE THEM-
SELVES ON OTHERS.



DON'T THEY KNOW
IN A CRISIS LIKE
THIS, IT'S NO
LONGER LOVE
THY NEIGHBOR-

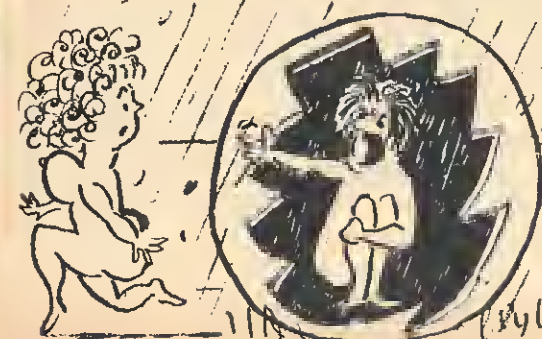
BUT-EVERY
MAN FOR
HIMSELF!



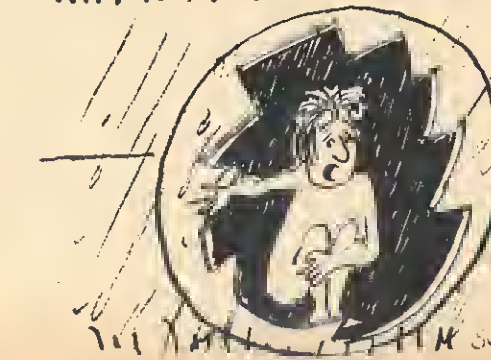
HI THERE!



THERE'S NO ROOM
FOR YOU, BEGONE!



AS I WAS SAYING,
WHY IS IT IN A TIME OF CRISIS-
I ALWAYS
MANAGE
TO GO AND
LOSE
MY
HEAD!



SCHOCHET



WHO'S AFRAID OF A NUDE WAITRESS?

A TALE WITH A MORAL
FROM AWAY OUT WEST

By STAN HENDERSON

■ So the busty redhead pictured here is no waitress—let's get that straight right away. She's model Marilyn Wesley and she's not posing as any waitress either—but as a customer. What's the fancy idea? Well, it's the brainchild of photog Paul Morton Smith who was impressed by the news stories about the nude—or at least topless—waitresses in the San Francisco bay area. Why not, said he, nude customers? How would it look? So he and Marilyn decided to find out, and you may view herewith the eye-catching results. But that's only part of the story. You see the topless waitresses have roused resentment and provoked protests. And who's protesting? Is it a decency league or some such? No—not that we've heard of. Outraged customers, maybe, shocked by the sight of that extra skin? Again, not so far as we know. Not the PTA either or the local clergy. No, men, the war on topless waitresses has been launched by the ecdysiasts of the area. (Ecdysiast? Come on, you know that—it's H. L. Mencken's word for strip-teaser.) And what the strip-teasers are howling about is unfair competition. If you can have a nude waitress with your lunch or dinner, why should you pay to go to a strip-tease show later? Makes sense when you think about it, yes? But what may do away with nude waitresses is another force entirely. Seems they started as a gimmick to lure more customers—natch. And they succeeded. The lads came flocking, and the lasses too. But there was a catch. The curious lookers had such fun just looking that they didn't eat and drink at the profitable rate for which management had been hoping. So right now the issue is in doubt. Drink up, men, or those topless buxom babes with the trays may vanish!

The End





OUTCAST She was wobble-legged and blowing hard, like a swamp doe with hounds after her. Looking back, she stumbled and fell. Hunkered in the brush, Ed Hoja figured she'd better get up. He could hear running feet not far away.

Her floppy pants were ripped and so was the tails-out shirt. A golden breast heaved through torn cloth and Ed thought the girl was pretty, but not worth getting killed over. Let the Viets take care of their own women; they didn't mean anything to Ed. For that matter, nobody did.

He saw her come to one knee, saw the fist marks on one cheek, and her bleeding mouth. She was run to earth, a crippled heron with gators coming up the bank; a hurt rabbit waiting taut for the cottonmouth moccasin.

But she wasn't his business. Ed Hoja's problem was staying alive in an enemy swamp that crawled with men trying their damndest to find him. He wasn't about to make it easy for them. If they got this girl, they'd play around with her long enough for Ed to put plenty of miles behind him.

She came to both knees, then, and inched around to make a fight of it, a bamboo stob clenched in one small fist. That wouldn't work against the pair loping around the bend like hounds gone wild in the woods and turned mean. They barked at each other when they saw the girl waiting and raced to see who'd reach her first. She lifted her bamboo stick.

Hell, Ed Hoja told himself, and shot the nearest one through the head. He knocked the other over onto his back with a heart shot. The big, distinctive echoes of the .45 went rolling off into the brush, telling the Viet Cong exactly where Ed was.

He caught the girl when she tried for the pistol in the first man's belt, and swung her around so she could see his GI fatigues, so she could see he wasn't like the others. Her eyes went wide.

Swiftly, he was at the bodies, lifting the cheaply made Tokarev pistols and finding a good knife. Lifting the corpses into dense green growth beside the trail, he scuffed dirt over the bloodstains they'd left, then smoothed the ground. It might pass a casual look.

The girl was behind him as he trotted away. No sense trying to explain he couldn't take her with him; they'd have to use sign language for that. No matter; she'd tire pretty soon and find a hole to hide in—or to die in. When the Viet Cong found the bodies, they'd be in no mood to play games with the girl. But the laws of survival were simple: take care of yourself.

He swung along the narrow trail, trotting easily in the flatfooted gait of his ancestors. The girl must have come from those farm shacks back a ways, he thought, and the Congs probably spooked her out when they stopped for a breather. By now, they could be ready to sit down awhile; he'd been leading them for about six hours, ever since the copter crashed. He grinned; not quite that long—say, they'd been running him ever since he blew the copter up in their faces.

He didn't remember the pilot's name, nor the other man's, either. Ed Hoja had stopped wagging his tail at people some time back, at maybe nine years old. But somebody back in Saigon would have the names on a list; somebody would send the telegrams.

Where would Ed's go—to the agency at Dania? Nobody claimed him there, but any damned (Continued on page 52)

ED KNEW THAT HE MUST SAVE HIMSELF—THAT HE COULD NOT HELP THE GIRL • By CON SELLERS

■ I lay back on the davenport, not yet shaved or dressed, and looking like a bum, which was all right because it was Saturday morning and I was having my third cup of coffee.

There was a redheaded woman in the kitchen, and from what I could hear, this female seemed to be bursting with energy, a sign of danger or delight. To my position of sloth came the sounds of groceries being stacked away, plates and pans being washed, and the icebox door going open, shut, open, shut. A whirlwind was at work.

"More coffee, Riq? Take what's left and I'll wash out the pot."

"Sure."

She was beside me and I looked up as she poured. This redhead was wearing an old, interestingly torn sweater, and short shorts. I grabbed her by the thigh and pulled her down with me.

"The coffee!"

It spilled and I didn't give a damn. I ran my hand under the old sweater, explored a terrain of flesh and curves that was not and never would be old to me.

Little Debbie was at Grandma's. We were alone. There wasn't anything the redhead could do to stop me. I pulled and tore and the sweater came off.

"You shouldn't wear that to the store; you make those stock boys nervous."

I ripped some more and wrestled those short shorts to the floor.

"Let's go upstairs," the redhead whispered. "It's not decent, right here in the living room."

I wouldn't move; wouldn't let her go. I was too scared to move. For two weeks I'd been batting zero in the bedroom department, and what I had I didn't want to lose.

I forced the redhead down beside me and I was helping her to get rid of the bra and nylon panties when she started to cry.

"You don't love me any more," she sobbed. "You're just an—animal."

This weeping woman was Norma, a real redhead and my legal wife for eight years, so this wasn't assault. I loved her sweet and true, but animal I was.

Only with her tears I suddenly realized that I had become a very tame animal, a muted cat; in short, the same kind of an eunuch I had been the past two weeks . . . a zero male symbol.

"Sorry, kid," I said. "I guess I just got carried away." I still didn't know whether she was crying because I had tried or because she had sensed failure on my part.

The tears were still falling. "Let's read the book some more. Let's try, Riq; maybe the book can help."

The book. The sex book.

THE IMPATIENT NUDE

NO MAN LAUGHS WHEN HE FINDS HIS BEDROOM

POWERS BEING LEACHED AWAY • By RIQ BOYLAN



I could see it now on the table across the room. It was a well thumbed paperback with a naked wench on the cover and the title in big blue letter, "*How Not to Be a Marital Moron*," by Delbert Montague, L.L.C.

Gretchen Lassiter had given Norma the book two weeks before. We both read it, studying its promises of new heights of married ecstasy.

I thought that what we had had for eight years was pretty good, but the book made it plain that we were still babes in the rites of amour. There were things to do and ways of doing them, and Norma said, "My God, we've been missing it." The book worked feverish magic on her; just to read it set her on fire.

It had the opposite effect on me. I could read it all right. It was as explicit as a Volkswagen manual and had about the same amatory effect on me. I was flunking the course, including the lab sessions which we had held almost nightly.

Even now with my beautiful sexy Norma in a completely *au naturel* state beside me, I knew that my power had vanished. Maybe it was because she was weeping, or maybe I was just over the hill.

"What does the book say about situations like this?" I asked.

Norma dabbed at her eyes. "It says you have to go slowly." She walked across the room, picked up the book and read, standing nude in front of me. "The full nuances of sexual congress are rarely obtained by any display of speed or impatience. The loving husband will do well to devote a full hour to the foreplay of caresses."

I interrupted. "I love you kid," I said. "You're a girl, I'm a boy. It used to be pretty good when we got together. You used to tell me so."

"But the book . . ."

"I'd better get shaved. We can talk more later."

In the privacy of the bathroom I started thinking of Gretchen Lassiter instead of my redheaded wife. Gretchen had really promoted this book to Norma, and it had still been the subject of conversation when Gretchen and her husband had been at a little party at our house last night.

I was more interested in Gretchen than in the book, and I remembered being in the kitchen mixing drinks and looking all the way across the room at the too distant vision of Gretchen's crossed legs. I was the faithful husband type, but I had never barred myself from thinking or looking.

Gretchen was a West German im-

port, a creamy Junoesque blonde, with a figure that always seemed to be bursting against the seams of her attire, whether that was the bikini I had once seen her in at a pool party, or the more conventional dress she had worn last night. It was a second marriage for both Gretchen and Giles Lassiter, an industrial ad man. Gretchen had come to the U.S. as a service man's bride, but the G.I. had faded from the scene and Giles, balding and close to 40, had taken on the husband role.

They were both enthused about this sex book, and it made you wonder. I was pretty sure Gretchen didn't need a book, but Giles looked worse off in that department than I did.

There had been more drinks and some pizza, and then the party had been over. I remembered watching Gretchen get into the car with Giles, and thinking that those long legs of hers were really terrific, but that I was in love with my redheaded Norma.

And now this morning Norma and I had started a sort of private party for two, but I had folded and she was weeping, and by the time I got through shaving I didn't know which had come first.

I heard Norma calling to me as I left the bathroom. "I'm in here, dear," she said, and the voice was coming from the bedroom.

I walked toward the door and I saw her; not in bed but on the bed, and there is a hell of a difference, especially when a girl is as sexy as Norma. I came toward her and I knew that this time it was going to be good, real good like old times.

Then I saw the book on the bedside table; opened up and turned over, doubtless to mark a place where my course work needed strengthening. A manual is a splendid thing to have at hand when you're fixing a furnace, but it seems hellishly out of place when you're making love to the woman you've

been married to eight years.

Norma didn't understand. She knew she was inviting me in a way that always had worked, but she could see me frown and the fire go down.

And both of us could hear the sharp, Saturday morning jangle of the phone. "Let it ring," I growled.

Norma sighed, "Maybe you'd better . . . it might be Debbie or Grandma."

I picked up the receiver. The voice at the other end was female. Not Debbie or Grandma. Gretchen.

"Yes, Gretchen," I said with manufactured cheer, and I could see Norma, off the bed now and slipping into her panties to signal that our games were over, for this morning anyway.

"I'm desperate for a plumber," Gretchen said. "The bathroom faucet started to leak and I tried to fix it. Now it's running worse than ever."

"Where's Giles?"

"New York. His boss called early this morning. Some sort of weekend emergency. Riq, I've called three plumbers, but it's Saturday and in this crazy country of yours no one works on Saturday."

"I'll be there."

Norma was fastening her bra as I explained Gretchen's desperate situation. Under other circumstances, a trip by me alone to Gretchen's house might have caused suspicion. With what had happened, it obviously seemed safe for me to go.

I stopped in the garage to get a couple of wrenches and some of those rubber faucet washers. Then I got in the Ford and headed toward the Lassiter house. It wasn't quite a mansion, but it was in the more costly section of our suburb; a large house, with acreage, trees, a pool in the back and a turnaround for cars in front.

I parked, got out, and walked toward the front door. Gretchen called down to me from an upstairs window. "Go on in, Riq. The door's open."

I obeyed. Inside the house it was cool and quiet; you couldn't imagine trouble here, even with a faucet. I came to the stairway and looked up. There was a window light letting in a lot of sun at the top, and in front of all this sunlight was Gretchen. She wore lounging pajamas, and with the light in back of her it was easy to see that they amounted to very little.

Less a plumber than a lecher, I went up the stairs, the wrenches clanking in my hand and my eyes upon the clear cut outline of beautifully formed legs. Gretchen didn't move. Not only that, but she was leaning toward me, encouraging or daring me to glimpse the firm thrust of magnificent breasts. I had to believe that it was all accidental.

Maybe she felt safe with me. Maybe Norma had told her of my fading virility.

Gretchen apologized, not for her costume or lack of it, but for my errand. "I'll bet Norma's plenty mad at me for taking you away on Saturday. I wouldn't have done it, Riq, but we have our own pump here, and with the water running it's going all the time."

I followed her curves into the bathroom where she pointed to the steady gush of the sink faucet. I began to feel more like a plumber. I found a hidden valve where I could cut off the main line. Then I got the faucet off and saw that Gretchen had put the washer on all right, but upside down. I turned it around, put the faucet back on, and opened the valve.

Success, and a warm smile from Gretchen. "You're wonderful, Riq. Come into Giles' study and I'll pour you a beer. That is, if you have time."

"I have time."

Giles did a lot of advertising work at home, and his study had all the conveniences, including an icebox. I watched with interest at the body that was Gretchen's moving suggestively beneath the pajamas as she

got out the beers; one for me, one for her.

"It helps to have a man around the house," she said, offering me the can.

"You don't look like a girl who needs too much help. You're German, capable, energetic . . ."

"Every woman needs a man."

German girls say things like that and it doesn't mean a thing. They talk in a hell of a straight-forward fashion.

That's what I thought, but then I got cued in. I was looking over my can of beer, beyond Gretchen's legs to a corrugated packing case on the floor in front of the bookcase. The box had been opened enough to show me that it contained paperback copies—a lot of them—of a hook I had come to know too well, title: "*How Not to be a Marital Moron*," by Delbert Montague, L.L.C.

I pointed "Are you selling those?"

Gretchen's eyes followed my finger. She suddenly turned red; it was the first time I had ever seen her embarrassed, even at that pool party when she had worn the tiniest bikini among a lot of Presbyterians.

"No," she stammered. "I—I didn't mean for you to see those. They're author's copies."

"Wait a minute, Giles is an ad writer."

"A technical writer . . . and there are techniques in all fields."

"Giles wrote that sex manual?"

She was still beet red. "Yes," she nodded. "I helped him . . . a little."

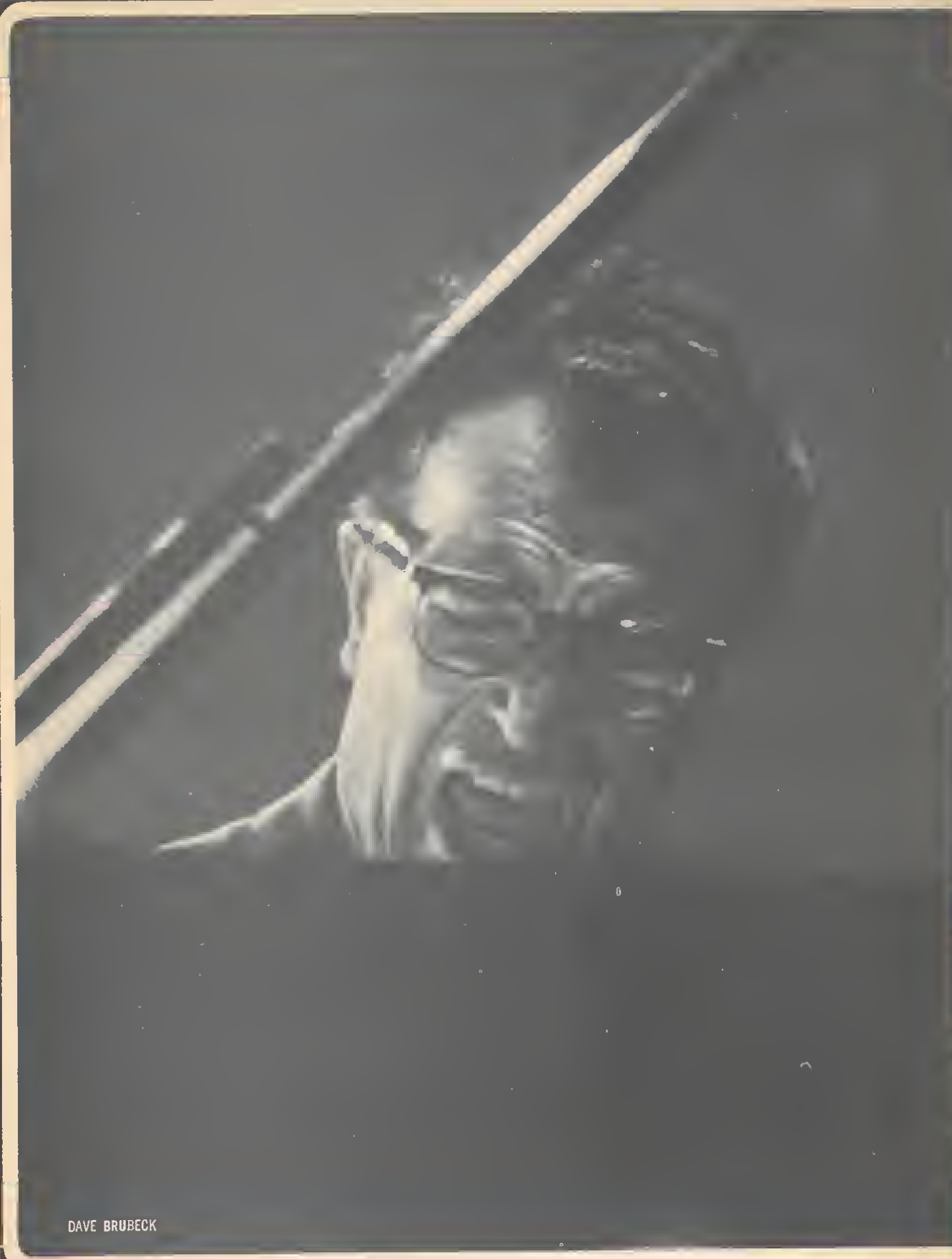
That had to be an understatement. I had a swift mental picture of Giles and Gretchen tirelessly experimenting caresses, positions, erogenous areas and the like. I was no longer a plumber.

"Now that you know," Gretchen went on, "I might tell you one thing more." She put down her beer and walked to the window. She spoke with her back turned toward me, the twin, naked columns of her legs silhouetted in the light. "Giles is

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"See! That's what I mean when I say you're socially inept."



DAVE BRUBECK

WHEN IS JAZZ "COMMERCIAL"?

WHEN PROSPERITY STRIKES A JAZZMAN CRITICISM IS NEVER FAR BEHIND. BUT SNIFF! ISN'T THAT SOUR GRAPEJUICE BEING USED FOR INK?

By BOB REISNER—GAI TERRELL PHOTOS

■ Whenever a first rate jazz performer becomes a worldwide success and moves into the big money, an accusation of commercialism is thrown his—or her—way. The same fans that cheered at the start of their careers turn against them when they attain wider popularity. It is as if they don't want to share their idols with the squares.

Cries of commercialism have been leveled at Errol Garner, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald and Stan Kenton. In effect, critics have rapped artists for the crime of not "struggling" enough. Two prime examples of men who worked sincerely and strenuously to achieve fame and who often are assailed by the jazz snobs are Dave Brubeck and George Shearing.

Born in Concord, California in 1920, Dave Brubeck has been playing the piano since the age of four. He made his first records in 1949 and they are still available on the Fantasy label. Brubeck's approach to jazz piano is in the main vertical. If you are chord crazy you will find that his dogged successions of big chords achieve a high pitch of intensity and excitement.

His original group caused a great deal of fervor in San Francisco, and from there he quickly became a national name. He played colleges and nightclubs all over the country. One high point in his career was when Time magazine did a cover story on him (November 8, 1954). It was then that some of his old champions dropped away. Critics who unanimously acclaimed him in 1951 and before, when he was driving around with his group in an old Buick with the brass strapped on top, now became suspicious.

The most serious charge directed at him was that he did not swing. Dave's rejoinder was, "I say we always swing—sometimes we don't swing

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PAUL DESMOND



WHO'LL MARRY MILLIE?

TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER
PREGNANT — DADDY
A COLONEL OF THE
OLD SCHDDL—WIFE
FEARFUL OF THE
BELT—WHAT KIND
OF MATHEMATICS
WILL SPOT WHO'LL
WIN OUR MILLIE?

By JAIME SANDAVAL

John Middleton walked home from his office in late afternoon April sunlight, a slender, ramrod-straight man with slightly graying hair and a militarily correct stride. "Evenin', Cunnel," the softly slurred voices of passersby greeted him. To most he nodded, with an automatic half-smile; to only one or two did he speak. Except for parades, it had been more than a dozen years since he had worn a uniform, but to the townspeople he was still the Colonel.

He turned into a wide, flagstoned walk leading to a massive fieldstone house set back a hundred feet from the street, and entered the front door. His wife met him in the hall, a tall woman, younger than he, with a dark beauty marred by puffy eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked instantly. "What have you been crying about?"

"It's nothing," she said quickly. "I'll talk to you later."

"You're talking to me now," he said. "What's the matter?"

"It's noth—" she began, and stopped. Her hands were twisted together. "John, Millie's pregnant!" It burst out of her.

He realized that his mouth had gone rigid, and he forced his lips to relax. From where he stood he could see two walls of the library across the hall, walls bearing portraits of military men who resembled John Middleton. He took pride in the fact that he was the sixth successive generation of his family to have achieved the rank of colonel or higher in U.S. armies. "A bit advanced for even the present day seventeen-year-old high school senior, wouldn't you say?" he

said with deliberate mildness. His wife made no reply. "Who is it?" Despite his best effort at self control, it came out harshly.

"She—she won't tell me." He raised an eyebrow. "She'll tell me," he said very softly.

"Don't you dare lay a finger on her, John! She needs help!"

"Since this is obviously the result of the permissive discipline installed by you two years ago after your ridiculous threat to go to Judge Martin about my methods, I hardly feel the need of your instruction," he said icily. "If I've learned one thing in the army, it's to cut my losses. I'll guarantee you she's not going to drag my name in the dirt. She'll tell me the boy's name, and I'll get her married. Tomorrow, if possible." His mind was already leaping ahead, planning. He turned to the stairs. "Wait for me."

"I'll go with you!" she said anxiously.

"You'll stay where you are!" he said sharply without turning around. He continued on up the stairs. His wife stared after him helplessly. After a moment she went into the library and sat on the edge of a chair, her eyes on the stairs.

John Middleton knocked once on the door of his daughter's bedroom and entered it while the sound still hung in the air. His daughter, a chubby girl with dark good looks, was standing by the window, her hands clasped before her in unconscious imitation of her mother on the floor below. She moved quickly as her father advanced into the room until the bed was between them. He stared

across it into her face until her apprehensive, red-rimmed eyes fell before the intensity of his gaze. "Who is it?" he demanded brusquely.

She swallowed and said nothing. Two large tears squeezed from beneath her straining lids and rolled down already well-worn paths on her plump cheeks. He took two quick steps around the end of the bed. "It's—Bobby," she whispered painfully, retreating still farther.

He halted. "Bobby? Bob Carter?"

She nodded, rubbing her eyes with the back of one hand.

He turned on his heel and left the bedroom. He felt almost relieved. Except for Bob Carter and Artie Dunbar, he considered most of Millie's friends to be trash. Especially that hulking football player, Mike Sessions, whose family had moved down from the north.

His wife appeared in the library doorway when she heard him on the stairs. "It's Bob Carter," he said to her. "I'm going over there right now to line him out."

"Bob Carter?" she exclaimed on a sustained rising inflection. Her tone expressed astonishment. "I don't believe it."

"Don't believe it? Why not, may I ask? Hasn't he taken her to just about every school activity that came along? Hasn't she sponsored him for all the

dances and assemblies? Don't I stumble over him here practically every time I set foot in the house?"

She was shaking her head stubbornly. "I still don't believe it."

"My dear, at the moment your disbelief doesn't happen to be important," he said with smiling viciousness, and went out the front door.

He walked rapidly for a block and a half and turned in toward a house that could have been a duplicate of his own except that it was in warm red brick rather than fieldstone. In the side yard, a tall boy was operating a noisy power mower. His eyes were on John Middleton crossing the lawn, and he reached down and shut off the mower. "Millie says you've got her pregnant, Bob," John Middleton said easily into the sudden silence. "We have a few details to arrange before the wedding."

The boy's face had gone blank with shock. "Millie? Millie said that? It's—it's not so," he got out in a strangled voice. "It's not true! She's lying!" He was a goodlooking boy, almost a man, with broad shoulders and a mature look.

"An ungentlemanly statement and one I'm sure you'll wish to retract upon sober second thought," John Middleton's tone was biting.

"I retract nothing!" The boy's face was flushed; he looked dangerous. "She's lying! It's just not true!"

"Somehow I seem to have run out of words on the subject, Bob," John Middleton said. "You'll marry her as soon as I can arrange it. You'll have to move out of town, of course."

"Marry her?" A short, sharp sound escaped the boy. "I wouldn't marry that little free-and-easy if she were the last girl on earth. I've heard you have pride in your lineage; well, it so happens I've got pride in mine." John Middleton tried to intervene in the flow of words, but the boy hurried on. "I'm not about to father someone else's kid. You hear me? I won't do it!"

"You'll do as I say," John Middleton said coldly. "You're responsible, and when I talk to your father, you'll marry her."

"I'm not responsible!" A frantic note had replaced the anger in the boy's tone. "You just ask her about that sorority of hers that's no better than a sex club! Ask her how many boys she's had relations with! Ask her! And then come back here and tell me I'm going to marry her, if you've got the nerve!"

John Middleton's features had turned white. "Bob," he said evenly, "for your own sake, you had better be right. Understand me? You had better be right."

Re-crossing the lawn to the sidewalk, he walked home in a daze, half-sick with anger and—yes, he had to admit it—foreboding. His wife met him again in the front hall, and his pent-up fury exploded. "Get out of the house!" he said between his teeth. "Get out! Go visit a neighbor. Go to a church and get down on your knees. Get out, and don't come back for an hour." Ignoring her protesting bewilderment, he shoved her out the door bodily and locked it. He immediately walked through the house and locked the kitchen door.

Returning to the front hall, he started up the stairs again, removing his belt from his trousers as he climbed them. He entered his daughter's bedroom without knocking. Millie was sitting on the bed, crying. Her eyes widened at the sight of the belt in his hand, and she stood up uncertainly. "Daddy!" she exclaimed in a choked whisper. "You—please—not that—"

John Middleton closed the bedroom door.

Twenty minutes later he descended the front stairs again, his lips stiff in a fixed grin of rage. Entering the library, he made straight for the brandy decanter on the huge oval table beside the comfortable wing chair. His hand shook as he poured himself a heavy drink. He downed it, and poured himself another. He took the second in two

swallows, and refilled the glass again. Sinking down into his chair, he stared blankly at the far wall. His eyes encountered still more of the uniformed portraits, and his lips curled back from his teeth. He drained his glass for the third time. He finally roused himself to answer his wife's insistent ringing of the front doorbell. "I was just about to call the police," she said indignantly, brushing past him. "What have you—"

"Go upstairs and get your daughter dressed," he interrupted her. "Then take her and yourself out of town for the weekend. I don't care where. Call me Sunday and I'll tell you when to come back."

"But John, what's the—"

"Do it!" he blazed at her, and retreated into the library.

He locked the massive library door from the inside and walked to the oval table around which the eight boys sat with varying expressions of concern on their faces. He hardly knew any of them, he thought bitterly, with the exceptions of Bob Carter, Artie Dunbar, and the football player, Mike, who was the only one in the room in his shirt-sleeves, and the only one not impressed by the situation. He was grinning openly.

John Middleton ignored him. Reaching in a jacket pocket, he removed a Smith & Wesson .38 police special and placed it in the center of the table. "Gentlemen, we have a mutual problem," he said. "My daughter is pregnant, and one of you is going to marry her. Who is it going to be?"

There was a momentary silence as eight pairs of eyes took in the sleek-looking gun. It was broken by a snort from Mike. "What a grandstand play!" he sneered. "Where were you while she was runnin' around loose, pappy?"

John Middleton went white, then red. "I'll attend to you in a moment," he said grimly. He turned to Bob Carter who was staring at him sullenly. "Under my belt, Bob, she still said you were first."

"I wasn't first or twenty-first!" the boy cried passionately.

"She said you were. I want—"

Mike had risen to his feet. "Listen, Middleton, you're not going to get anywhere—"

John Middleton reached into the center of the table and picked up the Smith & Wesson. "You address me with respect!" he barked.

Mike spat deliberately on the carpet. "Blow it out of your barracks bag, soldier boy," he jeered. "You're anxious to go to the chair, maybe? Now shut up and listen for a change. It was no secret to anyone why we were called

here, and we all know you'd like to nail Bob for the job because the families are most nearly social equals. I don't know if Bob was getting to Millie or not. If she says he was, then he takes his chance with the rest of us. I know I was getting to her, and I know a few more who were, too." He looked around the table. No one spoke. "All right, so we've got to do something about it. Now you—" he jerked his thumb contemptuously at John Middleton—"trot your butt out of here and we'll settle this thing."

JOHN MIDDLETON drew a deep breath. "Are you presuming to dictate to me in my own—"

"Outside," Mike cut him off. "Or maybe you're just looking for an argument instead of wanting to get her married?"

"I refuse to be spoken to in any such—!"

"Ahhhh, run along, little man," Mike said wearily. "We'll get your daughter married for you."

When the library door had re-closed behind John Middleton, Mike drew a pair of dice from his pocket. "Low man gets her," he said laconically, and rolled the dice out on the table top. "Six. Your roll, Pete."

"Just a minute!" Bob Carter was on his feet, staring wildly around the table. "I'm not rolling any dice! I never touched the damn girl!"

"You'll roll," Mike said coldly. "She named you, and that makes you no better than the rest of us. You'll roll, or I'll call Middleton back in here and tell him you're the man. You know he'd love to hear it." Bob Carter sank back down into his chair with a stricken look. "Your roll, Pete," Mike repeated.

The prolonged rattle and roll of the dice was the only sound in the room. When it came Carter's turn, he threw the dice out on the table without looking at them. "Okay," Mike announced finally. "Pair of deuces wins the marbles. You're it, Artie. Go break the news to your father-in-law. You'd probably be his second choice, anyway. And you're a lucky turd at that, kid; this jerk must be worth half a million that'll all be Millie's some day. Just remember me when you see me in the breadline."

Artie stared around the table. "That's—that's it, then?" he asked in a breathless voice.

"That's it," Mike confirmed.

Artie rose to his feet, lingered for a final look at the faces which avoided his gaze, unconsciously squared his shoulders, and walked to the library

door. He hesitated for a count of five before opening it. "All right, Colonel, sir," he said in the same breathless tone. "I'm—I'll marry your daughter."

John Middleton sat dull-eyed in his comfortable library wing chair, a half-empty brandy glass in his hand. "—no respect—" his sibilant whisper echoed through the silent room. "—no respect—"

He sat there for a long time.

The boy paced the bedroom restlessly, his voice rising and falling querulously. "—don't want any more of that. I thought I was struck by lightning when he said Millie had accused me. All those months of lugging her around to different activities as a coverup and never once even pinching her fanny, and she accuses me. Why did she do it?"

"Don't you realize she was paying you a compliment?" the woman said quietly. "I heard from them yesterday, by the way, and everything seems to be working out all right, but of course it's not going to be easy." She unbuttoned the top three buttons on her dress and deftly drew it off over her head. "No!" the boy exclaimed violently. "No more of that. I tell you my nerves can't stand it. When I think what I nearly got into—I don't want anything to do with anyone in your family."

She calmly removed her slip. "Come here to me and tell me you don't want to have anything to do with this member of my family," she said. When he remained motionless, she went to him and put her arms around him, hugging him closely. He groaned, and placed his hands on her bare shoulders. She smiled at him and finished disrobing. His eyes devoured her, and with a smothered sound he picked her up bodily and carried her to the bed.

"Why do you hate him so much?" he demanded, his eyes still on her sleek figure as he unbuttoned his shirt.

"You wouldn't understand," she said softly. She rolled from her side to her back and stretched lazily, then folded her hands behind her head. Her expression was remote as she stared up at the ceiling. "Him and his belt. I warned him. I warned him for years." She was silent a moment. "When I couldn't have another baby after Millie, would he give me a son by adoption? No, because he wouldn't know whose blood it was." She laughed, a high-pitched sound.

He knelt down on the edge of the bed beside her.

"You couldn't possibly understand," she said, and held up her arms to him.

THE END



"Would you mind thinking cleaner thoughts while I'm taking your temperature?"

COLETTE BERNE

By IRVING CANE



■ We were supposed to meet Colette Berne in a boite on Sunset Blvd. at 2 p.m. on a Saturday, but it was 2:25 and we were in the middle of our second martini when she sashayed in, a frilly white blouse adorning her formidable bosom and a dark blue skirt clinging with understandable tenacity to her curvy hips.

As anyone who has been in L.A. knows, he who ventures into that community without wheels might as well try to catch Sandy Koufax without using a mitt. Accordingly, Colette had agreed to pick us up in her vehicle and drive us out to her home in the San Fernando Valley where the interview would take place. We appreciated this service so much that we were not about to bring up the subject of the young lady's tardiness—especially since the place served excellent martinis.

Colette, however, did bring up the lateness of the hour. "I'm sorry about the time," she said. "I could claim I was in a traffic jam, which would be a logical excuse around here, but why lie? I just dawdled. I know I deserve a spanking, but I'd rather have a shot of bourbon while you're finishing your drink."

"Well," we said with mock solemnity. "You deserve a chance anyway. Let's flip this coin. Heads you get a drink and tails you get a spanking—if you'll pardon puns."

"Oh no, please," said Colette, folding her hands before her in supplication. "I'd be sure to lose—I always do—and I'm trying so hard to keep my record clear. I haven't been spanked since—let's see—July 5, 1955."

"Okay, justice will be tempered with whiskey this time," we told Colette, and signalled the bartender. She breathed a sigh of relief that didn't hurt the dynamics of her blouse a bit, took the shot glass of bourbon in her right hand, tilted her head back and knocked it off in one fell swoop.

"Don't worry," she said then. "I'm not a lush. I don't drink very much, actually."

(Continued on page 35)





COLETTE BEARNE











(Continued from page 2)
but when I do, I do it the
way. Actually, that's why I
like it. It's old-fashioned for girls.
Modern ones are so insecure
their nervous systems run
on time so nobody will

With that we left the sal
out to Colette's car. We'd
be a Triumph or maybe a
one associates models v
pseudo-sports cars. Imagin
then, when she led us to a
fied black Peugeot four-door

"You really are old-fashi
Colette and she riposted:

"I sure am. I don't care
or fins or fake French nam
were never east of Detroit
dependable cars. You know,
magazines ranked the Peug
the seven best built cars
The others are Rolls-Royce,
Continental, Mercedes, Pors

The additional virtue of th
it's a lot cheaper than any
"Well," we said as Co
French sedan toward the
interview hasn't even g
started and we already k
about you. You're old-fash
have a fantastic memory."

"I don't think my memor
she said, sounding surprise

"Then how come you re
happened on July 5, 1955?"

"Oh, that," Colette
"That's not a question of
you about it when we get
of complicated, and I can't
on anything else when I'm
this crazy road."

Thanks to Colette's pr
rived safely in due cours
street where her Spanish
reposed behind a long, sle

The richly decorated Vic
and the ornate oriental r
vided a sharp contrast to
ting. It was like taking
across the country and
in a New York brownstone.

"I like old-fashioned



(Continued from page 28)
but when I do, I do it the old-fashioned way. Actually, that's why I was late, too. It's old-fashioned for girls to be late. Modern ones are so insecure that they ruin their nervous systems rushing around to be on time so nobody will be angry."

With that we left the saloon and walked out to Colette's car. We'd expected it to be a Triumph or maybe a Thunderbird—one associates models with sports or pseudo-sports cars. Imagine our surprise, then, when she led us to a modestly dignified black Peugeot four-door sedan.

"You really are old-fashioned," we told Colette and she riposted:

"I sure am. I don't care about chrome or fins or fake French names on cars that were never east of Detroit. I like sturdy, dependable cars. You know, one of the car magazines ranked the Peugeot as one of the seven best built cars in the world. The others are Rolls-Royce, Rover, Lincoln Continental, Mercedes, Porsche and Lancia. The additional virtue of this one is that it's a lot cheaper than any of those."

"Well," we said as Colette guided the French sedan toward the freeway, "the interview hasn't even gotten officially started and we already know two things about you. You're old-fashioned and you have a fantastic memory."

"I don't think my memory is so great," she said, sounding surprised.

"Then how come you recall things that happened on July 5, 1955?"

"Oh, that," Colette said, laughing. "That's not a question of memory. I'll tell you about it when we get home. It's kind of complicated, and I can't keep my mind on anything else when I'm trying to drive this crazy road."

Thanks to Colette's prudence, we arrived safely in due course on the quiet street where her Spanish-style bungalow reposed behind a long, sloping lawn.

The richly decorated Victorian furniture and the ornate oriental rugs inside provided a sharp contrast to the house's setting. It was like taking a single step across the country and finding yourself in a New York brownstone.

"I like old-fashioned comfort," said

Colette, kicking off her shoes and nestling into a mohair love seat. "Now, what were we talking about? Oh yeah, the spanking. Well, there are two reasons why I remember that so well. For one thing, it was the day after the Fourth of July, but the main thing was that it was the only paddling I ever got in my life.

"My parents were very modern and permissive—incidentally, that may be why I'm old-fashioned; the rebellion of each generation against the previous one, you know. Anyway, I'd never been spanked and here I was at this summer camp, 15 years old at the time. There was a 10 o'clock curfew, but on the night of the Fourth I persuaded my girl friend Mary Ann, who lived across the street from me at home, to sneak off and go to the movies in town. We got back around midnight and the counsellor—Miss Fitch—was just livid. She told us to go to bed and we'd be punished the next day.

"That morning after breakfast she called our whole group together, maybe 20 girls, and told them what had happened. Miss Fitch was a sort of strange combination of old-fashioned and modern. She told the girls that we two had to be punished and that they must decide what the penalty would be. Mary Ann and I were ushered out then, so that the 'jury' could make its decision without worrying about our reactions to them as individuals. Well, I was worried because Mary Ann and I were somewhat more mature than the other girls and quite conscious of it. I figured they'd relish the idea of taking us down a peg. What I didn't find out until later was that Miss Fitch had influenced the democratic process by casually observing that in her sorority at college they punished misbehaving freshmen with a paddle.

"When she came into our cabin, where we'd been told to wait, and announced that we had been voted a spanking I nearly fell through the floor. They wanted to paddle you yourselves, but I wouldn't allow that," she said. "Now come and take your punishment."

"Mary Ann had been through this kind of ordeal at home, so she was a little

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BACHELORS WHO JOIN SWAP CLUBS

B. F. SHELTON, EDITOR

■ For a brief history of the sex survey that MR. Magazine has been conducting for the past several years, and for an explanation of our accomplishments and purposes, please see the box on page 38.

In this issue we are focusing on bachelors, and/or single men (there is more than one distinction here, as you will perceive in the reports that follow) who enter into some form of group sex. Three reports are included, all written from the point of view of the man who, at least at times, has no wife to barter. First is the statement of R.L., who travels for his business and whose home is in a mid-western state. Here is what he has to say:

"It will probably seem strange to you," writes R.L., "to hear from a single fellow about wife swapping. But over the last eighteen years I have been active in three groups, and they have decided that I should be the one to write. As all three groups started out of one incident over eighteen

years ago I will start there in this report also.

"Back in 1946 most of us had just gotten discharged from the service and most of us were intending to use the GI Bill for an education. It was decided among some of my friends to rent a cottage on a small lake near our homes for a two-week period before going to school. We all took girls with us except for one couple who were married, I will call them Jean and Bill.

As all the people at the lake were not involved in later happenings I will name only those who were also involved at later dates. There was Joyce, Marie, and Grace. I have left Jim till last to point out that for three years while I was in high school I stayed at Jim's house and he was almost like a brother to me. Jim was with Joyce and my date was Grace.

"I don't think we were at the lake more than three days than we were swimming nude at night. Nobody can really say when the swapping first started but by the end of the week it had become the accepted practice and at first the girls did all the choosing and everything was done in private.

The first Sunday was a rainy day and we were more or less kept to the inside of the cottage except those who were trying to fish in the rain, which I and Bill were trying to do. After getting thoroughly soaked we went back to



the cottage and found that one of the fellows had been caught in bed with one of the girls. He hadn't stopped and everyone had gathered around to give advice. Some of the people were quite excited and a lot of discussion was going on. Bill and I went upstairs to get into dry things.

"It wasn't too long before we were having quite a bit of help and then things became quite general and little modesty was shown.

"After the vacation was over I went away to school to a city about sixty miles away. I was home about every weekend and occasionally Grace and I with Bill and Jean did some swapping at Bill's house. I should point out here that Bill ran a dry cleaning establishment owned by his father-in-law. I wouldn't guess at his income although at the present time I think it is quite considerable.

"The following summer it was Bill, Grace, Jim, Joyce, Jean and myself. At this time we all were in our twenties. Sometimes we met twice a week but mostly it was once a week. We followed this pattern for about the length of my college period.

"After college I went to work with a local industry as a mechanical engineer, Jim went to work with an insurance firm whose office was in a city ten miles away to which he commuted. Jim was now bringing Marie to the get-

togethers and shortly thereafter they were married. Joyce got married at about this same time to a schoolteacher and about three or four years later she and her husband joined the group at Bill's house. The group at Bill's house now numbers about six couples and they have a sauna, quite large with quite a nice playroom at one side.

"Jim moved to get closer to his work and built a very fine home there and for a little while he still visited the group at Bill's place and sometimes Grace and I would visit them. One day his wife was discussing general matters with the wife of one of Jim's friends and wife swapping was discussed and Marie let the cat out of the bag so to speak. After several discussions with her husband they joined the group of us three couples meeting at Jim's house. This group in a few years became quite large and at one time numbered, I think, eighteen couples, so it split so to speak although couples from one group are invited to meetings of the other group.

"I should mention here that Grace had cancer and died in 1955 and it was quite a blow to me. I had never been able to get her to marry me because she expected to die in 1947. The rest of the time she considered free time.

"After this I sort of subbed for husbands who were out of town on business or for other reasons couldn't attend.



CONTINUED

When Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" appeared over a decade ago the dam of sexual reticence burst. As one New York reviewer put it at the time, "We may hate to face the facts, but two things seem evident—sexual habits are not static but in a process of change; and actual sexual conduct goes far beyond that sanctioned by law and theology."

Americans today seem conditioned to "facing the facts" no matter how unpleasant and disturbing. The last Kinsey work on women and abortion was first published in *McCall's*—tagged then as "The Magazine of Togetherness."

MR. Magazine first entered the ranks of the "sex surveyors" with a single short article that related the true experiences of one man and one woman. The response of readers to this article was remarkable—and entirely unexpected in its volume, variety and interest.

It was then the thought occurred to us that we might have hold of a real research tool. Kinsey's interview method was time-consuming and expensive. Did we have a new source of information, not available to him, which might give valid findings?

We continued to publish reports from readers as they came in. We gave the series no promotion, and while the circulation of the magazine remained constant the volume of letters grew steadily.

Then we checked with a friend of ours, a statistician specializing in sampling methods for industry. His opinion was that we had definitely stumbled onto a new and valuable sampling method.

By now our files were bulging with reports, particularly from the numerous "wife swapping" clubs around the country to which we had devoted several early articles. So we contacted the Institute for Sex Research, the organization founded by the late Doctor Kinsey, and turned our material over to the present director. "The Institute for Sex Research," he wrote us later, "appreciates the generosity of the Volitant Publishing Corporation in making available, for scientific purposes, material of definite research value."

With that encouragement, we have continued publishing reports from around the country as they have come to us, including a number on the "swap clubs" which appear to have developed to a large extent during the past twenty years since Kinsey did his basic research.

Our Survey, however, is in no sense limited to the clubs. Many areas of American love life are included, as regular followers of this department are aware.

Whatever the subject, we attempt, like Kinsey, to be objective and factual in our reporting. The timid reader may sometimes be upset, but anyone seeking off-color thrills will be equally disappointed. The reader who is seriously interested in the facts of life in our changing world will, we believe, be rewarded.

"The first group I mentioned has two schoolteachers and the rest are all business men, or men who own their own business. The second two groups are made up mostly of lawyers or lawyers turned business men. I can think of no others in these two groups."

"In 1959 he died after a year's illness and for a few years I attended as his wife's partner. I am quite sure that without the group Marie would have had quite a time getting over Jim's death. I know that it helped me quite a bit."

"I should mention here about the second schoolteacher who joined Bill's group. He had been a member of another group in another town before he got a job at the local school and says that he didn't expect to find another group. One night he was out with a few of the members and he said that no one had to tell him they were swapping—it hit him like a thunderbolt. He could tell by the way they acted toward each other. I think that he is right and that if you are ever a member of a group you can recognize another group by the way they act toward each other. I can think of no word to describe fully the feeling toward each other nor any outward acts that would show such a relationship, but it is there."

"One of the girls would like me to also state that she had had one love affair and had been married for five years and never had an orgasm in that time. Since joining the group she never misses. All the women say their relationship with their husbands is very much better in all fields since joining the group."

"All the groups have different games they play for group get-togethers. No one is allowed to stay with one partner and to help prevent this many games are devised. The one that everyone seems to like is the dark cellar. The men go nude into a blackout cellar then the women come in and must take the first man they find."

"All the groups also have demonstrations and in group three one must participate in a demo at least once a year. Everyone tries to think of some new trick to show off in a demo and some are pretty hilarious."

"One of the games is sort of like a blind man's buff. The women go off and select one of themselves while the

men are doing likewise. The victim is blindfolded and given gloves and led to a table stripped for the action. Neither of the two are allowed to speak while they enjoy each other but they must try to guess who the other is. This they must write down while blindfolded."

"I could not mention all the games that are played as time crowds me, but they are many. Most any idea is tried but discarded if it doesn't meet general approval."

"I have seen several new members come into the groups and I think this should be done with care. Everyone in the group should meet the newcomers before they enter and approve of them. The girls seem to pick or find new members. In all groups the first time a new couple comes in they get the first swapping done right away and it is usually engineered by the women. They select the first girl's partner and the man's. They send them off right away to separate rooms and later they can come back for the group activities. This was done after one new girl who was pretty nervous on her first night, really had hysterics watching a demo."

"There are probably many other things that I should write but this job was put on me by the others and I am doing this on the fly. I am not a reader of your magazine, but I will read it from now on and maybe when I have more time I will write again. I should mention that I am now on the road for the company and am not active in any of the groups at the present. My home office is in another city. Even if I should recognize a group I don't think I would join unless I married. (Probably wouldn't be allowed anyway.) I should say that the members of these three groups I consider my finest friends."

R.L., obviously, had a compelling and sorrowful reason—for a time—not to marry. G.O., our next contributor, shared in tragedy—the death of his first wife. But he did marry twice, and despite this has had experience as an unaccompanied male in group sexual activity. He lives now in a state east of the Mississippi, also travels in the course of his work, and has this to say:

"The swap club articles in MR.," writes G.O., "have been of great interest to me. The predicament of the California couple in the field of education was particularly absorbing, since I happen to fall into a similar category, and I'm

certain a substantial number of couples are in a like manner restricted in their activities because of these professional taboos."

"Several years ago, my first wife and I engaged in these activities with several other couples in the Bay area section of California. This was during World War II, and we were introduced to the mate-swapping idea through an invitation to a party for 6 couples, most of whom we were acquainted with. We were not aware of the nature of the activities which transpired, however, until we had had a few social drinks."

"We were both quite healthily sexed, and we had discussed this idea several times at home; but while I had for some time considered the possibility, I did not feel that my wife would be willing to try an affair of this kind. After several drinks, however, when the situation was explained to us, she entered into the activities of the evening with more relish than I had anticipated. From that time on for a period of approximately eight years, we met several couples in that same area of the state with similar tastes. While the majority of the couples preferred small parties, ranging from two to four or five couples, with occasionally an extra single man or two, we always enjoyed ourselves."

"Most of the affairs were given in private homes of these predominantly middle-class families, all of which had several bedrooms for those who desired privacy at times. The sharing of new ideas and techniques allowed both of us to take increased pleasure in our sexual activities at home, and provided a richer experience for both of us."

"Since the death of my first wife I have remarried, but my present spouse, though sexually active, will not participate in group affairs. For several years now, I have, on occasion, met married couples in the Southern California area who enjoy an extra man at times."

"This brings up another activity which I understand is quite prevalent in Southern California. But here again, since I enjoy professional status, the opportunity for meeting couples is restricted because of the professional taboos. The opportunities in my home area are necessarily limited, not only from the professional (Continued on page 56)

WHAT THEY DON'T TELL YOU ABOUT TOKYO

道楽

DESPITE WARM
MEMORIES OF JAPAN
STILL HELD BY
RETURNED G.I.'S,
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
CITY IS NOW GEARED
MAINLY FOR THE
SUCKER TRADE

By ALLEN STARR



■ The Japanese call the bridge spanning the Sumida River at Tokyo's 22nd Street Asumabashi—literally meaning "Ah, my wife!"—perhaps to evoke pangs of conscience in the hearts of millions of businessmen and pleasure seekers bound for downtown Tokyo's entertainment district for the type of fun you won't find at home.

But for the average American—one of 150,000 who flock annually to Tokyo as they once did to Paris—the quest of pleasure can be expensive, confusing, even downright hazardous unless you have a Japanese associate or Tokyo-based pal to guide you. Otherwise instead of uttering "Ah, my wife," you'll probably yell "Oh, my wallet."

It won't take you long to discover that your concept of pleasure in Tokyo has been based as much on fiction as on fact. To thousands who served as GIs in Japan at one time or another (there are 45,000 Yanks still based there) Tokyo evokes warm memories of free and easy girls, spicy shows, exotic food and plenty of good booze for practically peanuts.

But if you are visiting Tokyo for the first time (as I did) with little to go on except some preconceived notions gathered from guidebooks and romantic movies, it soon becomes evident that, as the premier tourist attraction in the Orient, besides being the world's largest city, Tokyo is now geared mainly for the sucker trade. The problem is how to stay out of the traps and be in on the fun. It can be done—if you plan it—and for half what you'd expect to spend in Paris too.

At first glimpse, Tokyo looks like a vast amusement park, complete with monorail (from airport to mid-

town), storybook pavilions and lights along the Ginza that make even seasoned Broadwayites blink. The monorail is part of a \$200 million network of new transport facilities built for the recent Olympics, the storybook pavilions are authentic temples and palaces, some existing before Columbus, and the lights are Tokyo's answer to Times Square.

Your hotel may look like a palace—and be just as expensive. Or you may book into a Japanese Inn (a ryokan) in Tokyo. Authentic Inns outside Tokyo have real charm, picturesque settings (some are 300 years old), genuine hospitality, care-free mixed bathing, wonderful log fires before which you sit cross-legged sipping warm sake or cold beer while host and hostess (and a multitude of children) try to converse with you. And if you are accepted, you might get the maid to keep you warm, just to be sociable, understand.

In Tokyo these inns still have the traditional fittings—paper walls, sunken communal baths, and sleepy-eyed kimonoed maids who flit about like sensuous butterflies. But hot water is in short supply, the baths may be busy, and mosquitoes and strange smells from the canal outside are abundant. You'll be much better off in one of the many western hotels like the Dai-ichi or Shiba Park, which charge \$5 up, single. Make sure to change your dollars before checking in, though, as most of these smaller hotels are not authorized to change money.

Incidentally, just try making a pass at one of those cute-looking maids in a Tokyo ryokan! If she says yes, it's money first and the place isn't a hotel!

The sad truth is that Tokyo is now, in many ways, as much American as Japanese; and the Americanization is of the most insidious money-grubbing sort. While other parts of Japan forbid tipping, for instance—tipping being considered almost an insult—Tokyo's Imperial Hotel recently ordered its employees to accept tips just to please well-heeled Americans who feel offended if their largesse is not accepted. We just don't know a good thing when we see one.

Most of Tokyo's 10,000 tourist bars and nightclubs are sucker traps complete with B Girls, watered booze (at what equals an incredible \$10 a shot) and seductive looking hostesses skilled in relieving you of your dough. This painless surgery on your wallet is accomplished with a mixture of disarming Oriental charm (none of that hard-eyed floozy stuff you find in the States) and sophisticated Occidental knavery (they'll converse on any subject from atomic reactors to zen.) They'll also help you translate "Uncle!"

Which brings us to that almost legendary figure of pleasure, the Geisha. Contrary to popular opinion the Geisha is not a prostitute but "a person of pleasing accomplishments" highly trained from babyhood to sing (in screechy off-key) dance (like a lame butterfly) converse (in Japanese, of course) smack a small hand drum and strum a grounded guitar (samisen) in a costume that may cost as much as \$12,000.

But you'll have to be well steeped in Japanese culture to appreciate the Geisha's talents. Otherwise you, poor barbarian, will find her an expensive bore. The Geisha may take a permanent lover from amongst her clients. In fact, winning a Geisha's love is considered the ultimate joy in a Japanese man's life. So to expect one of these fabulous creatures to offer this service to you is just asking too much, Hollywood notwithstanding.

To make up for this, there are now thousands of phony Geishas who will hully-gully, frug or any thing else at the drop of a kimono and for a price. They rank high in the fleecing set, along with regular prostitutes, erotic masseuses and coffee house cookies who turn on the sugar when you shell out the green.

Straight prostitution, however, was officially banned ten years ago

when it was confined mainly to the Yoshiwara, notorious red light district founded 1,700 years before and world famous since Admiral Perry and his "Black Ships" put into Tokyo Bay in 1853 and opened Japan to western commerce.

Now the 10,000 brothel keepers and "mama-sans" (madams) and half a million prostitutes are scattered all over metropolitan Tokyo, operating behind legit businesses such as coffee houses, dance halls, fish bars, sake parlors, onsens (bath houses) and theater cabarets, mainly in the Shimbashi and Asakusa districts which have replaced the Yoshiwara as centers of gaudy indiscretion.

It may give you some idea of the Japanese attitude toward pleasure and piety, to know that Tokyo's largest and most revered Buddhist temple, the Sensoji, lies smack amidst the bawdy dance halls, sex circuses and risqué cabarets of Asakusa.

One such cabaret, the Casino, has troupes of naked girls and low comedians going through motions that are beyond misunderstanding, though if you need a girl interpreter to translate the lewd Japanese dialog you can have one sit in your lap for a dollar more. The continuous show costs a mere 50 cents. Few Americans dare roam around this area, however, preferring the safer but much more expensive confines of a dozen or more theater-cabarets.

Take the Show Boat, for example. This brash, rowdy establishment is built like a Mississippi steamboat (Continued on page 51)

A PASSION FOR GRAHAM STREET

EVEN WHEN THE MAFIA BARGED IN ON EMERALD SHE STILL VOWED TO FIGHT BACK • By STEVE OWNBEY

The voice of Frankie Ray, sultry, sad, and soothing, floated out over the tables and across the room. It was the kind of voice the loyalists of LaFontaine Blues had come to expect. When given something it could handle, like "Just In Time," the voice floated fairly well; when burdened with something more intricate, such as "The Man That Got Away," it would sink, bob to the surface gasping for breath, and struggle on.

Frankie Ray herself was fairly typical of the fifteen or sixteen female vocalists who had been featured at LaFontaine Blues in the quarter century of its existence. She was twenty-five, pretty, poised, and sexy. Her salary, relative to that of other singers, was almost as low as her neckline. She was working primarily for experience and exposure.

"She sounds real good tonight," one of the bartenders, Eli Whitney Gordon, observed. "You figure she'll hit it big sometime?"

Miss Emerald LaFontaine, who had once been described as the only woman in the world who could reel in gracefully on a bar stool, swung from the bartender to the band and its singer, now accepting warm applause. She waited for the applause to finish before turning back to Eli.

"She'll do all right," the proprietress said. "I don't think she'll really hit the big time, but she ought to sell a few records someday. She likes people and it comes through. That's the secret."

The subject of the conversation arrived shortly and they sipped drinks silently and listened to the band. The club's bands were usually fairly mellow, perhaps because they were booked with scrupulous impartiality. Indeed, it was part of the legend of LaFontaine Blues that, despite its ownership and general orientation, it had once had an all-white jazz band. Except for the one white bouncer (whose presence was necessary because of the number of white customers) band members were the only employees not subject to the ancestral requirements.

"You seem a little edgy tonight," Frankie said finally.

"I'm depressed," Emerald said.

"What about?"

"Oh, a lot of things. Life, in general."

"Did you hear about the cross burning last night?" Frankie asked.

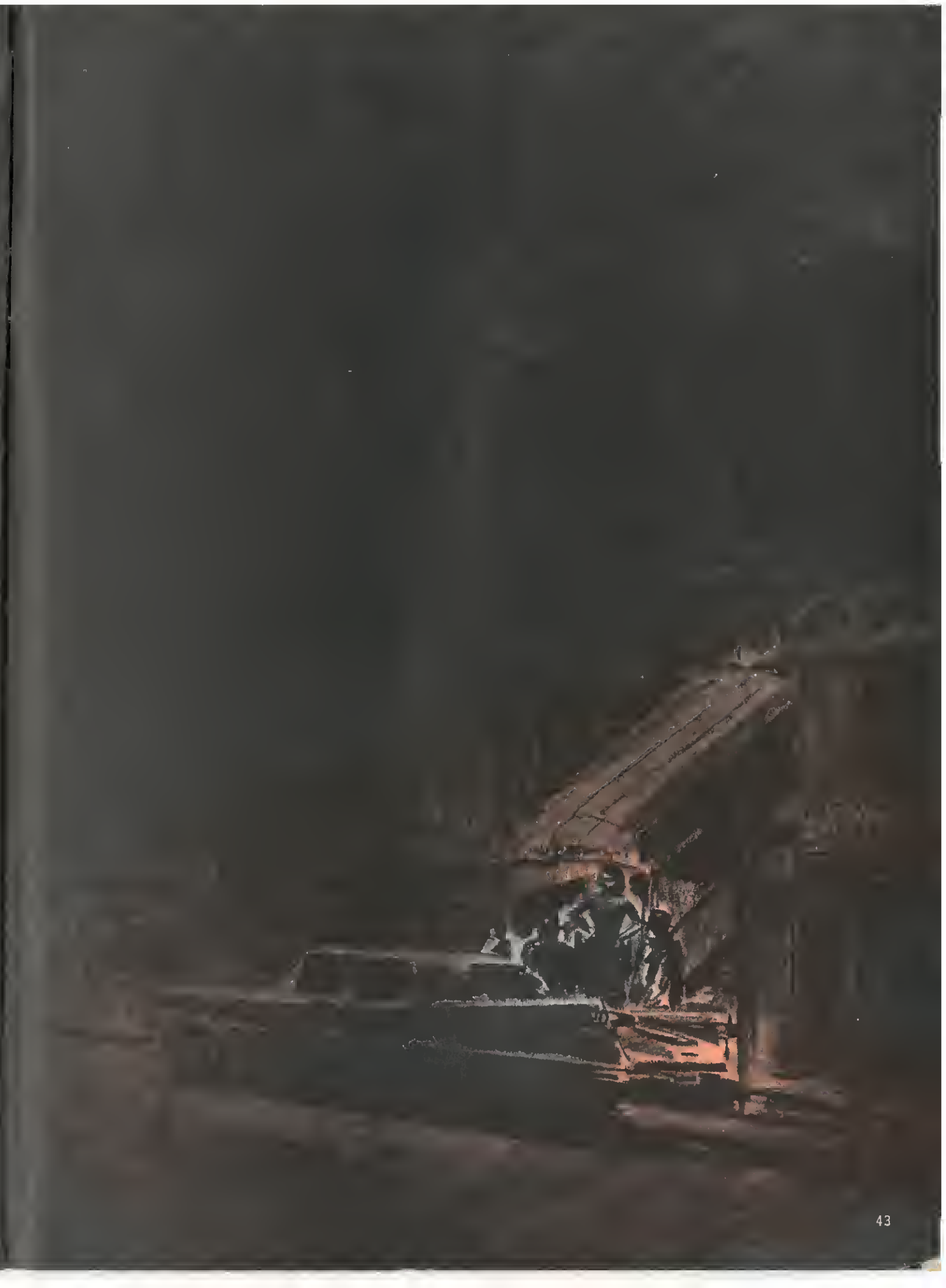
"What about it?"

"It was only two blocks from where I live. I saw a couple of them when they left. I hope they don't get around to me."

Emerald shrugged. "It'll blow over. It always does. Don't lose any sleep over it. What worries me, the grapevine says this is gonna be a wide open town in about a month."

"Who says it'll be wide open?" Frankie asked.

"Oh, everybody," Emerald said, drumming her fingers nervously on the bar. "This is a rotten, dying city and everybody knows it. A lot of people



think it'll be just one big slum in a few years unless they do something."

"What about urban renewal?" Frankie asked importantly.

"It don't amount to a hill of beans," Emerald said. "It ain't enough, and our congressman votes against it, anyway. The only kind of urban renewal we're about to have is dice tables, roulette wheels, and whores."

"I see what you mean."

"That's one thing that worries me about this new bedsheet revival. If everything is wide open for about six months and then everybody gets a belly-full, there may be another crusade against immorality. And you know who gets hurt first in crusades against immorality in this city."

Frankie Ray nodded, shuddered, and poured herself another drink.

"Eli," Emerald whispered suddenly, "who are those three characters over there?" She motioned toward a table.

Three well-dressed white men, two of whom had failed to remove their hats, were speaking in low tones.

"Customers," Eli said.

"They keep looking over here," Emerald said. "They don't talk and laugh like three buddies on the town. I don't like their looks at all."

"Maybe they're talking business," Eli said.

At that moment, one of the men—the one who had taken off his hat—rose and started toward the bar. As if

on cue, the other two rose simultaneously.

"Good evening," the man said, extending a hand. "I am Jefferson Kelso. You must be LaFontaine."

"I'm Miss LaFontaine," Emerald said, shaking his hand. "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Kelso."

"I would like to present my associates, Mr. Shipley and Mr. Palmer. Mr. Shipley has no objection to being called 'Scholar' in recognition of his many cultural interests. That right, Scholar? Hmm?"

"Indubitably," said Scholar.

"What can I do for you?" Emerald asked. "Have you been served already?"

"Oh, yes, very well. However, I will come right to the point, Miss LaFontaine. My associates and I are interested in acquiring a part interest in this establishment. We thought we might be able to modernize it a good deal and provide extra capital and administrative ability, with you still serving as hostess for the sake of tradition. Could I drop by later this week and discuss it with you? Hmm?"

"You flatter me, Mr. Kelso, but I'm afraid I'm not planning to sell any of LaFontaine Blues now. I don't think my people want a change of management."

"Of course," Kelso said, "your people have made great progress since 1865 . . ."

Emerald smiled dryly. "That's not

what I mean. I mean my people. My employees, my customers."

"Oh, yes," Kelso said. "Well, I appreciate tradition, but if you think it over, I'm sure you'll see the advantages of having a masculine hand in the business."

"I've never needed one for twenty-five years," she said firmly. "I don't think I'll start now. Thanks, Mr. Kelso."

For a moment, they simply stared at each other.

Then Kelso took out a cigarette, put it in his mouth, and turned to Palmer. "May I have a light, Mr. Palmer? I seem to have forgotten mine."

Palmer nodded and pulled back his jacket to reveal a pistol in a shoulder holster. He produced a match and lit Kelso's cigarette.

"Thank you, Mr. Palmer. Miss LaFontaine, I will be back here tomorrow to discuss this further. Will you be here tomorrow afternoon?"

"Probably."

"Fine. Then I hope we can have an agreeable talk. In the meantime, think over my offer and I will wish you luck. In fact, I will pray for you. You follow? Hmm? Do I make myself clear?"

Before she could answer, he strode quickly to the door and walked out, followed by the other two.

"I wonder if he cares enough to push it," Emerald said thoughtfully.

"I hope not," Frankie said. "If he's in, I'm out."

"I don't blame you," Emerald said.

LaFontaine Blues, established by Emerald in 1949, was a sleepy, cozy, smoky part of a now troubled city, owing much of its success to the unwritten slogan "Liking people is the secret." It was not expensively furnished, since the clientele was small and so much of the intake went to the agents of Police Commissioner Otto Stackenweldt. A bust of Touissant l'Ouverture, the proprietress' favorite historical character, was placed in a prominent position just inside the door.

Yet these features were less important than the intangible aspect of LaFontaine Blues' personal touch, which, as much as the well-placed bribes, had prolonged its life despite its watered drinks, its numbers racket, and its blatant "integration." It tried to make its customers feel wanted and loved, so much so that a newspaper columnist had once christened it "The Blue Womb." It offered affection without responsibility, intimacy without intrusion.

To a great extent, LaFontaine Blues was a mirror image of LaFontaine her-

self. Although she was well past forty and no longer slim, she was still, by a slight stretch of the term, a beautiful woman. Her physical presence, aided by the air of mystery she had deliberately cultivated, was majestic, sensual, and primitive.

It was known that she had arrived in the city at the age of eighteen and had started LaFontaine Blues with capital from an unknown source only four years later. Little more was known about her subsequent activities, although there were any number of stories about her—that she had a police-record (true), that she was a paid spy for the White Citizens Council (not true), that she had once rescued several children from a burning building (true), that she was, or had been, the mistress of Police Commissioner Otto Stackenweldt (not true), and had given him a permanent scar by hitting him over the head with a whiskey bottle (true), and that she had a pet cheetah (not true). No one knew her real name, but she was often referred to as "The Black Panther."

She was alone in the bar when Kelso and his friends came back. Kelso greeted her like a long lost friend and she poured him a drink.

"I'm not in a very good humor today, Mr. Kelso," she said. "There was a cross burned on my lawn last night."

Kelso looked shocked. "You can't mean it! That's a terrible thing! It's really a rotten shame there are so many bigots in the world. That right, Scholar?"

"Indubitably," said Scholar.

"I wonder," Emerald murmured.

"That brings up an interesting point, however," Kelso said. "If you accepted the people I represent as partners, we would consider it a part of our duty to protect you from that kind of harassment."

"If I had to get protection from anybody, Mr. Kelso, I wouldn't have survived this long on Graham Street."

"Your self-confidence is admirable, Miss LaFontaine," Kelso said, "but not necessarily realistic. New problems may arise which you will be unable to handle alone. That could happen any time, couldn't it, Scholar?"

"Indubitably."

"In any case, protection is only one aspect. You need someone with know-how to see that the possibilities for improving your profits are fully exploited. For example, we could see that you acquired hostesses who were more ready to take advantage of—shall we say—the realities of human nature? You follow? Hmm? Am I clear?"

"I ain't never hired any whores, Kelso, and I ain't startin' now, so forget it."

"I find your choice of words a little harsh," Kelso said. "You consider yourself sophisticated, don't you?"

"Everybody knows Emerald LaFontaine is a woman of the world," she said.

He chuckled softly. "Do they? Then you realize . . ."

"Go to hell."

He stepped back. "What did you say?" he asked, very quietly.

"I already told you I'm in a bad mood. Maybe you didn't see my sign." She jerked a thumb toward the bar. Kelso's eyes shifted to a small sign above the mirror.

It read: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE TO SERVE ANYBODY

Kelso laughed. "Very good," he said. "Very clever. It gives the place novelty. That right, Scholar?"

"Indubitably."

THAT sign applies to you, wop," Emerald said. "I don't like your face. I don't like either one of your faces. Hit the road."

"What did you call me?" he asked, puzzled.

"I called you a wop. That's what you are."

"I told you my name is Jefferson Kelso."

"So what?"

"So I'm not an Italian."

"I didn't say you were an Italian. I said you're a wop. That's an occupation, and it don't belong on Graham Street."

"What," he asked in a conversational tone, "makes you think you can get away with pulling a stunt like this on me?"

"It's a free country," she said.

"It is," he said. "Indeed, it is." He took out a cigarette, put it in his mouth, and struck a match on the bar within an inch of Emerald's left hand. He blew smoke in her direction, then turned to Palmer.

"Take it down," he said.

While Kelso blocked Emerald from leaving, Palmer stepped quickly behind the bar, pulled down the sign, and tossed it to one side.

"Now let me tell you a few facts of life, Emerald LaFontaine," Kelso said. "You are not a woman of the world. You are provincial. Do you know what that word means, provincial?"

"Of course I do."

"Well?"

"It's some kind of Canadian government," she said hesitantly.

"No, no, no!" Kelso said, waving a hand. "Provincial is what you are,

sugar. It means local, small time, bush league. You follow?"

"Now I will tell you what a free country it is. You may eat what you like, drink what you like, and sleep with whoever you like. You may spend money on whatever you want, and watch whatever television shows you want."

"But you are going to defer to the wisdom of me and my associates on any matter concerning our club. You are going to put a slot machine behind the cute little pink door and another slot machine behind the cute little blue door. You are going to choose your hostesses from a list prepared by us and you are going to stop being so narrow-minded about their private lives."

"As soon as we get sufficient capital, you are going to build an extra room and use it for roulette, crap games, or whatever the customers are interested in. You are not going to supervise that part of the business. As a matter of fact, you are going to retire from the numbers altogether and turn them over to an associate of mine whom I shall designate in due course. And you are going to keep your mouth shut, you are going to start taking orders the day after tomorrow and you are going to continue to take orders until you either die or retire to the old ladies' nursing home. You follow? Hmm? Hmm? Am I totally clear?"

"You rotten bastard!" she whispered.

Kelso smiled. "There's a story that you carry a knife in your stocking. Is it true?"

"Of course not!"

Without warning, he suddenly seized both her arms and slammed her against the bar. "See if she has it," he told Palmer.

Kelso pinned her against the bar and Palmer ripped her dress up the side. "No knife," Palmer said matter-of-factly.

"Well," Kelso said. "It was just a rumor."

"You're going to pay for that dress, wop," Emerald said.

"These men work for me, Miss LaFontaine. If I tell them to go jump out the window, they will go jump out the window. If I point a finger at you and say 'rape her,' they will rape you. I mean, they work for me."

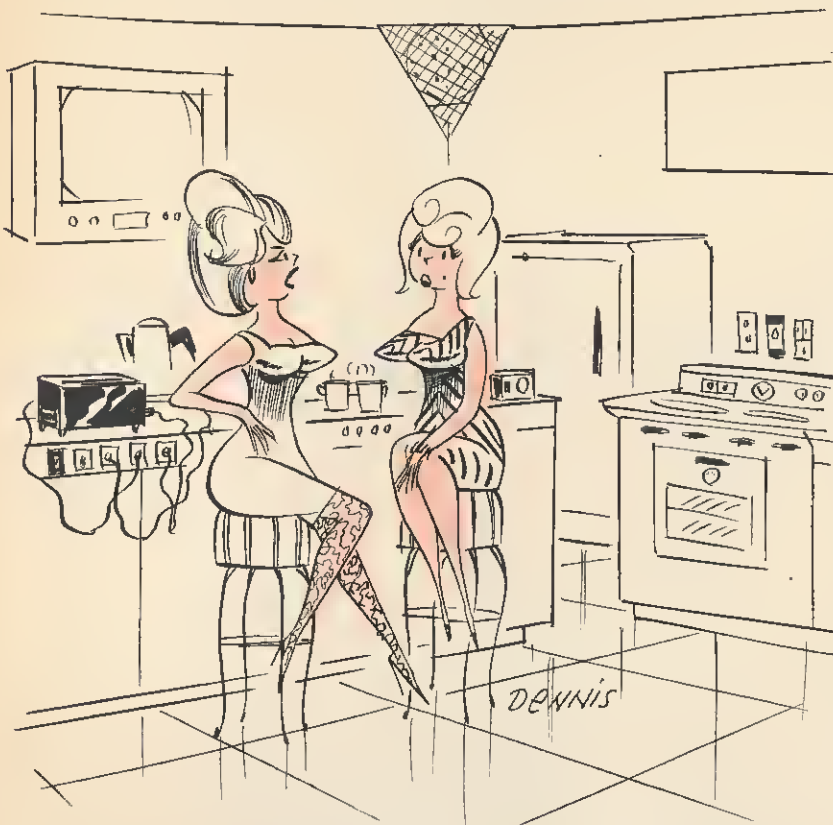
"This place belongs to me, Kelso."

"Why fight about it? It's a cheap, smelly dive . . ."

"It's mine!" she screamed, slamming her hand down on the bar.

Kelso looked quizzically at her, an amused and almost affectionate smile playing across his lips.

"Hit her in the stomach, Scholar," he said finally. (Continued on page 61)



"He sees me as just another appliance."



SHERRIE EVERETT

Did you ever see pictures of a gal who likes to meet a date for breakfast and eat radishes with her toast; who once touched an octopus when skin-diving but was able to escape in time; who often drives a Model-T Ford which she borrows from a friend; and who almost always smiles sweetly-warmly? Well—now you have!





or breakfast
when skin-diving but was
she borrows
Well—now you have!



TOKYO

(Cont. from page
as big as
Square, with se
floors called "de
chockful of w
some looking hos
es in sailor suits
steer you aroun
\$3 an hour, i
need personal na
tion) until you hi
deck moneywise
have to SOS for

funds. (There is a 24-hour in
tional wire service here for
such an emergency.) If you
bothered about the sailor suit
rumored that some of the girls
been persuaded to shed ther
an additional fee on a si
private offshore basis.

The Dhinsekai has a mere
half dressed hostesses (that i
400 full costumes, if you are
nically minded) who attend to
needs on a taximeter \$1.5
hour basis with no left turns
you watch a show called 'O
Opera" which makes Tosca
like a halfbaked clam.

The Monte Carlo in the
features a "Bathtub Revu
sudsy sexposure with as many
as there are bubbles, whil
Hanabasha, the Marunochi,
Latin Quarter, the Mimatsu, a
Golden Asakusa have their
ideas of fun on a grand sca
can never hope to duplicat
Kokusai Theater, for instanc
a stage bigger than Radio

Stage of the Kukusai
Theater (below) is
bigger than Radio
City Music Hall. In
a steam room (near
right) gals shave,
manicure and rub down
male customers,
while in 30,000 spots
where you can buy
a drink, some 150,000
hostesses are ready
to help you drink
it. (Example: far right.)



TOKYO

(Cont. from page 41) as big as Times Square, with several floors called "decks" chockful of whole-some looking hostesses in sailor suits who steer you around (at \$3 an hour, if you need personal navigation) until you hit the deck moneywise and have to SOS for more funds. (There is a 24-hour international wire service here for just such an emergency.) If you are bothered about the sailor suits, it's rumored that some of the girls have been persuaded to shed them for an additional fee on a strictly private offshore basis.

The Ohinsekai has a mere 800 half dressed hostesses (that makes 400 full costumes, if you are technically minded) who attend to your needs on a taximeter \$1.50 an hour basis with no left turns while you watch a show called "Girls' Opera" which makes Tosca look like a halfbaked clam.

The Monte Carlo in the Ginza features a "Bathtub Revue"—a sudsy sexposure with as many nudes as there are bubbles, while the Hanabasha, the Marunochi, New Latin Quarter, the Mimatsu, and the Golden Asakusa have their own ideas of fun on a grand scale we can never hope to duplicate. The Kokusai Theater, for instance, has a stage bigger than Radio City

Music Hall with jet-age Rockettes that make the originals look like staid maypole dancers.

The Tokyo English-language newspapers are your best guide to such entertainment, with ads that leave little to the imagination. The Rose of Sharon (which features exotic Japanese girls wearing only sham-ricks) advises you that "at your request your hostesses will be your sightseeing companions during your stay in Tokyo," (depending on just what you want to see of course) while the Papagayo announces "100 Nude Stars 100" as though it was advertising a flea circus. But then girls are as numerous as fleas in Tokyo and just as scratchy.

These charming creatures are to be found in every corner of the city and in the unlikely places, some merely to press buttons in automatic elevators and coo greetings, others to guide people into escalators ('E Girls') and smile them out as in the Takashimaya department store.

Shopping is expensive: Japanese cameras, for example, are cheaper in Hong Kong, clothes cheaper in Singapore, shirts cheaper in the States, a genuine kimono like the homongi (formal girl's kimono) costs at least \$100 and pearls are for the Tiffany-set.

Every tourist sooner or later heads for an onsen, or Japanese steam bath, and seldom for reasons of cleanliness. Now Tokyo bath-houses aren't really what they are

steamed up to be in romantic movies. The genuine onsen, where community bathing is necessitated by lack of similar facilities in poorer Japanese homes, are to be found only outside Tokyo where westerners have not helped commercialize them into something they were never supposed to be.

The ones in Tokyo are there for American males whose concept of Paradise is to have a dozen scantily clad girls massage and manicure him while he lies naked on a steamroom table sipping beer. As for certain extras, they are available for a price in some private steam rooms, although this practice was temporarily stymied by a police order to have peepholes in the doors during the Olympics. Things are back to abnormal and the peepholes have been filled up, allowing the masseuses a free hand.

If you are only interested in sightseeing, take one of the many sightseeing tours, which are moderately priced and comprehensive. Or you can go to one of many well-laid parks like the Shika, dominated by the higher-than-Eiffel (and world's tallest) Tokyo Tower, and watch the girls.

Most Tokyo girls you'll find are as chick as New York models (usually with shorter than Gotham gams) who have undergone a popular operation to widen their eyes and/or stuff their tiny breasts with plastic

foam to make them as big as Western males prefer them. Some entertainers go even further in this westernization and have the sweat-glands under their armpits excised. There's always a chance, too, that you can date a real nice miss who's not on the make, though stay clear of the Japanese beatnik, the rariteru or "sleeping pill girls" who drift by in a semi-drugged escapist somnolence.

If you do get a date she will steer you either to a coffee house, which provides more girls, plus your selection of jazz or classical discs from a large collection, or an inexpensive Fish Bar for some raw octopus and riceballs. Or you can go to the Transistor Bar which is just what it sounds like.

Japanese food isn't the best in the world and compared to the Chinese somewhat frugal and unexciting. Japanese go into raptures over a simple fish fry called tempura. It is said that a Japanese addict's secret wish is to end his days by gently collapsing from exhaustion while trying to find his favorite tempura restaurant in the labyrinth of little alleys in the Shinjuku district.

As for drink, there are an estimated 30,000 places where you can buy one in Tokyo, 950 of them in the Ginza alone, with 150,000 hostesses (that's what my guidebook says) to help you imbibe. But foreign liquor is expensive, so you

(Continued on page 5B)

Stage of the Kokusai Theater (below) is bigger than Radio City Music Hall. In a steam room (near right) gals shave, manicure and rub down male customers, while in 30,000 spots where you can buy a drink, some 150,000 hostesses are ready to help you drink it. (Example: far right.)



OUTCAST

(Continued from page 17)

Indian was a ward of the government. Even if, to the tribe and to the agency, Ed Hoja was a renegade.

One old lady might care, if she was still alive. Miss Ringert, over at the school might think of all her wasted effort, of how Ed Hoja got himself snakebite at the last, in spite of her work.

Ed heard the girl's steps falter behind him. Closing out the laboring sounds of her, he thought the Army might just as well send the deeply-regret telegram with Ed Hoja's name on it to the ghosts of Hiamonee, or to the greymoss tombs at Mikasula, to any Seminole town reclaimed by creepers and sawgrass and strangler fig trees. The towns were dead, and the men who built them were dead; Ed might as well join them. Maybe the ghosts wouldn't care that he was an outcast.

Ahh, the girl panted behind him, *ahh*. Ed slowed to glance at her; blood was leaking from her torn mouth again and she swayed, but she kept coming. He remembered her ready to go at the Cong with a broken stick, so he stopped and faced the back trail. The girl staggered when she tried to stop, and he had to help her sit down.

She looked kind of like a girl at the school, and he thought that Seminoles and Viets were made some alike, their eyes a little slanty, skin perhaps a shade darker, and they both lived in swamps. Only here, the swamp was called delta or jungle, but the thickest parts were like the Everglades, and nobody was more at home in the deep swamps than Ed Hoja.

Squatting beside the girl, he listened and heard a bird he didn't know, the cautious moving of some small animal, but he didn't hear men; not yet. But the Viet Cong had radios; he'd seen one back at the wreck when the guerillas closed in. They'd be sending messages on ahead, trying to cut him off. What the Cong didn't know was that Ed Hoja wasn't in any particular hurry to go anywhere. He could stay in the swamps forever, if he had to.

The girl sat up, face pale but determined. She needed more time, and he thought she might as well take it; he motioned her back down. Maybe Old Red Stick himself had run this way with his squaw, with soldiers after them. Perhaps Osceola's woman waited hating in the palmettos when the chief was taken prisoner under a flag of truce.

Ed shook himself; he was no Seminole patriot, fighting a glory war that didn't exist. He wouldn't even know about the wars, if it hadn't been for Miss Ringert back at the school. She at least gave him that much, an identity of sorts, even if it was with the past.

It took awhile for the teacher to get to him, but it wasn't Miss Ringert's fault.

He was ready to bite anybody, when they hauled him out of the backwaters and made him go to school. That took them the better part of a year, too, with the tribe and the agent getting madder and madder, because one mean kid stayed ahead of them all that time.

In school, he was bigger and older than the other kids, and quick to hit, because at first they poked fun at him. He had been running the swamp alone ever since the copperhead bit old Grandfather Hoja. The old man had been snake-bit before, but that time it took.

And before him, only a faint memory of Ed's father and mother. Grandfather Hoja said the man was shot running alcohol in a hopped-up Ford, and the woman—well, once in awhile a woman like that ran off with a white man and left her kid behind.

Sure, he was meaner than the other agency school kids, because he could never be like them, and knew it. He was a Seminole, all right, but without the tame smell on him. The whites avoided him because he didn't fit the tourist picture, because he was some kind of sullen throwback that should have gone the way of the betrayed Osceola.

What was Ed Hoja, exactly? Damned if he knew, but whatever label he wore, he didn't belong to a helicopter. He tried to tell them that, after the agent set men to tracking him across the Everglades for a week or two. When the men caught up, they said he was to be drafted, and that was all right with Ed. But he didn't want the copters. He went through basic with his eyes shut, almost, it was that easy for him. Only he figured that if a man had to fight, it ought to be where he could best take care of himself—on the ground.

Look here, chief, the sergeants said—we'll find you a real tomahawk, but you'll have to carry it in the big bird. This here is a modern type Army, they said, and laughed like hell at him.

So he rode in back of the copters and observed, and helped wounded get in, and once or twice he used the popgun carbine to shoot back at Viet Cong anti-aircraft reaching up out of the jungles. It wasn't much of a war for Ed Hoja—until the big bird got shot in the belly and came wheeling down to die with a broken back.

Ed stood up and thumbed at the girl. She climbed to her feet and followed him as he swung off the trail they'd been using and worked his way through knee-deep mud. Mud didn't leave tracks, and maybe the Viet Cong wouldn't notice how it lapped up on the reeds that grew there—at least, not right away. Ed admitted the Cong were pretty smart, but every time he made them back and circle to pick up his trail, they lost time. And pretty soon, they'd start losing men. Back in the Everglades, Ed had never stopped

pursuers that way, but there'd been plenty of chances.

On the other side of the slough, he motioned the girl ahead while he cleaned up behind them, then went past her to lead again. He was doubling back, using the tactics of the *Shaya*, the rabbit clan; he was chasing along another trail running roughly parallel to the one they'd left. The Congs wouldn't expect that; they'd think he was desperate to reach his own kind. They didn't know Ed Hoja was the only one of his kind.

The Viet Cong got their first jolt near the village of Tra Minh, when the copter went down. They hadn't expected the bird to blow up like that. Right after the crash, two looks told Ed the pilot and the other man couldn't be put together again, and he knew the Congs would be coming fast, like red ants to a mashed dragonfly.

Bumped around some and weak in the knees, Ed grabbed at nylon emergency line and cut off a long piece with his pocketknife. He stuck the rest in his pocket, soaked the first piece and paid it out until he was hidden in the bush. When the Congs were jabbering and pushing at the bodies, Ed touched a match to his fuse, and watched blue flame race to find the hole in the punctured gas tank.

The copter blew up; some of the Cong ran around screaming and burning, and some of them fell over where they'd been standing, with burpgun bullets popping every which way as their belts caught fire. Ammo aboard the copter caught, too; it was a good fire.

He didn't expect to get all of them, and he thought a clean funeral pyre for the pilot and other officer was better than what the Congs had been about to do to their bodies. For awhile, he thought maybe the explosion had covered him up, that the Congs left around might forget there'd been only two bodies.

They didn't forget; the Congs were smart, and circled to find his tracks for the men working radios. Little mean men, they cast back and forth like dogs after a bobcat. They didn't have the copter, and they didn't have GI bodies to chop up, so they wanted Ed Hoja real bad.

He ran like a bobcat, too—hurrying, but looking back once in awhile to see if the lead dog was getting too far ahead of the pack.

Now dark water gleamed muddily ahead, and Ed slowed the girl to a stop before the primitive bridge that spanned it. Wind-tattered leaves of banana trees moved languidly in damp air near the bridge, a log six inches around, with a stick handrail fastened to it.

Wondering whether to kick the log into the water or let it be and make the Cong think he hadn't come this way, Ed felt the girl touch his arm. She fin-

gered the knife in his belt, made sharpening motions, and pointed at water beneath the bridge. He frowned until she pointed at the log and made a breaking motion.

She had a good idea for ambushing the Cong—sharp bamboo stakes with their points a foot below the surface of the water, hidden by the muddy current and weighted by rocks tied to the stake butts by nylon thread pulled from Ed's cord.

He went into the water to whittle at the underside of the log, and when it was deep, covered its rawness with mud. She brought rocks and stakes for him, and they worked together, deftly and quickly. He was conscious of the shape of her body, of the young, firm breasts outlined by her wet skirt.

He thought instead of the dozen stakes they placed on each side of the bridge, where men would fall when the log broke. For the first time, he smiled at the girl. Startled, she smiled back, and it was nice, in spite of her cut mouth. When the bruises healed, Ed thought her mouth would be pretty.

He jerked his head at her to come on, but she waded chest deep to drop a little fresh mud along the long bridge. Ed grinned; this one would have made any Seminole chief a good wife in the old days.

They spent that night in a platform he lashed into a tree crotch. Ed had learned that few animals look up, and fewer men lift their eyes from the ground. The girl was bone tired and slept while he thought of the bridge ambush, of the weapons left to him, and of this girl whose round bottom snuggled to him in trust.

She was keeping the brutal pace; the running was grinding her down, but she had not asked to be carried. The girl had guts. Ed Hoja peered in the dark and began to wonder about making it back—not to his own "lines"—wherever the hell they happened to be, but back to the girl's own people. Saigon was filled with refugees, but the city could make room for one more.

She couldn't go back to her farm village, that was for sure. The Cong often killed simply for example; they'd slowly butcher a girl who had helped a GI escape.

Conscious of the woman-fee of her body as she slept, Ed moved his legs back and put the pistols between them; his own .45 and the pair of Tokarevs. He tried to picture the area as he'd seen it from the air, but the image was blurred and inaccurate; from a copter, everything looked different to Ed Hoja.

But he remembered a river that led to friendlier territory. If they made it that far, he and the girl could probably drift down to safety. It was funny, worrying about somebody else's safety. Drowsing into the uneasy sleep of the pursued, Ed wondered at himself.

If the girl hadn't tried to fight off those first two Congs, if she whined or cried—but she was independent as a garfish, hanging on, staying with him because she couldn't get away without his help, but damned if she was going to beg for it. Ed liked that.

He woke with a start, all senses leaping to attention, his hand closing on the grips of the .45. The sky was barely grey and the morning was still cool with dew. The warning traps he'd put out the night before hadn't rattled. He looked about for what had awakened him.

And found it in the velvet nakedness of the girl's body, in the slow questing of her hands. Her eyes were close, and the measured sweetness of her breath stirred against his cheek. She said something in her own language, something liquid and meaningful.

"You don't have to—" Ed said in a whisper, but she closed his mouth with her fingers, and moving just so, suddenly enveloped the straining of his flesh with her own satin needs.

She was beauty, and he had never before known loveliness, only that compelling and often deadly attraction of cypress and black water and Spanish moss. But the girl was not danger to him, nor for him to hide behind.

She was a powerful urgency that only he could fulfill, and he had never known



"Sir, sir! Lady! SIR!"

this sense of being needed so. Ed did not know if she was the love others talked about and wrote about, but the magic warmth of her took him in, and the pearling sky whirled over them as trees swayed in jealous hunger, as the earth quivered and the sun held back.

She was eager breasts, all golden and lifting round; she was smoothly clenched thighs and the rhythm of tender violence. The girl lifted to him, arched for him, in a mounting fury that gathered itself for the final, heaving thunder that geysered into all things wondrous.

HE WANTED to stay locked to her, and she wanted to remain with him, but they had to leave the platform and seek food, if they were to have running strength for the aging day. He built a tiny fire into the veering bole of a smoke-shielded tree, and hurried to set his warning traps farther up and down the trail. They were only dry sticks hung above a trip cord, so they'd rattle on-coming danger.

He had used these in the Everglades,

after he jumped the Big Cypress reservation to hide from authority in deeper, wilder swamps, where the only authority was shared by water moccasin, bull gators and a renegade called Ed Hoja.

No one knew enough to call him anything but outcast; no one had ever called him lonely when he was afraid, when he was lost and a kid. Later he took a savage pride in not being like the others who outwardly clung to the traditional ways. The women still wore Gibson Girl dresses down to their ankles, and pom-padoro hairdos; the men affected headbands and sometimes leggings, and frilled shirts when they could afford them.

But inside, men and women alike were only second-rate whites, dependent upon the tourist trade and agency handouts.

They might be likened to the Viets, pushed and pulled by other people. He thought of this as he dug freshwater clams from the stream, and as he made a net of his fatigue jacket for minnows.

When he brought his catch to the girl, she had clay ready to bake them quickly in the coals; she had collected roots that could be eaten raw and were filling. Watching her work around the cook-fire, Ed knew a lifting of the spirits; she was a good woman.

They buried the fire and started off again, but not before she came to stand with her body pressing his; not before she put soft fingertips upon his cheek. The morning smelled green as they moved on; the morning tasted fresh.

Two hours along, Ed stopped to make a flyswat. The Army tried once to teach him something like it for a boobytrap, but Ed had used a better one to knock hell out of brown bears that came to raid his camp. The girl watched as he made a sturdy square of vine-laced sticks, and when he began to whittle points on short bamboo knives, squatted to help him with the pocketknife he gave her.

They tied the little daggers to the square, and tied the square to a bent back and trimmed pole of green, springy bamboo. Ed sighted the flyswat down the narrow trail and nodded. It would spring out fine; he set to work making the trip cord and triggers—sticks propped and balanced so as to hold the drawn bow of the green pole, but that would be yanked out of place at the stumble of a foot. Ed finished and led the girl around the ready trap. It would play hell with the first man in line, driving stakes through his chest and belly. It would also make the others move slower from then on.

They went on in the soggy heat, and whenever Ed saw her face paling, stopped to let her rest. She did not need many rests; she was strong. Early in the afternoon, she found small, sweet melons for them, and they ate smiling at each other. They would survive here; they would live with the swamp—if men would allow them.

Earlier along, Ed used bamboo again—this time in thin, needle slivers buried at an angle in the trail. Covered with only an inch of camouflaging dirt, they'd rip into barefoot Cong. Ed wished he could have found a snake to milk its

poison sac onto the buried points. Nothing scared men like the sight of a poisoned man, he knew.

The radios almost caught them. If some Cong sentry hadn't been hungry for a smoke, Ed and the girl would have been nailed for good, just around the next bend in the trail. As it was, Ed caught the sharp odor of tobacco on the still and humid air and signalled to the girl. Sending her creeping into the thick brush, he squatted in the trail to wait. With a little luck, he'd make the ambush backfire.

THE BUNCH behind him came slowly, hurt by casualties and moving carefully, knowing they had him squeezed into a box now. It took them almost an hour to get close so Ed could hear them. When he was certain, Ed stood up with each fist clamped on a captured Tokarev automatic. He fired first at the group following him, a steady roll of shots.

When the pistol was empty, he dropped it to concentrate upon spacing the other's load into the waiting roadblock up ahead. Then Ed leaped for the brush and slid along behind the girl, pushing her along toward the river to their right.

The bunch trailing them returned the fire first, trigger-happy from a blazing copter and stakes in a stream and fly-swatted men. They fired rapidly and wildly, their bullets whiplashing the jungle. Moments later, the roadblock troops opened up and somebody threw a grenade. It made a fine noise over the screaming of wounded men.

Forty yards, fifty, then Ed jerked the girl up so they could run hard for the river. They splashed into it, and through the diamonds of rainbowing water, Ed made out the sentry on the bank. The man stood motionless for a moment, staring. When he lifted the burpgun at them, Ed had his feet set in the river bottom and squeezed off three quick shots from the .45. The sentry was driven back to fall loosely over a grassy knob.

They stayed deep in the slow, warm water and hugged the shore. Twilight helped them, easing out of canebreaks to draw a grey sheet over the river. They floated along through deeper grey, then

through a blackness fearful with unseen horrors.

The light came unexpectedly, gleaming yellow through the night. It was small, flickering, and soon Ed made out the window that framed it. He drew the girl after him, sliding toward the bank like a big channel catfish. When she was on the mud, he pushed her shoulders down, telling her stay.

Low to the ground, .45 in his right hand and the knife, cutting edge up, in his left, Ed eeked to the shack beside the river. Peeping into the light, he saw a man, a woman bent over a bowl, kids. Ed took a deep breath, then went through the window like a wildcat on a fat quail. He bowled over the man and showed him the muzzle of the pistol inches from his eyes. The woman started a scream but cut it off short. The kids went very still, marsh chicks trying to blend with their background.

The man's lips quivered; his eyes bulged. He may have been trying to talk, but nothing came out of his mouth. Off to Ed's left, the woman said something quickly, in a rush that rang with relief, and Ed caught one word: *American*.

Then the girl came through the window. Ed's pocketknife clenched in one small hand. She spat a rattle of sing-song at the woman and drew a quick response.

She came to Ed then, gently pushing the .45 aside, looking up into Ed's face and smiling. Ed knew they were with friends, and a great weariness came to him.

But he would not sleep until he saw the familiar green fatigues again, until these Viet Nams had guided them to a safer place. He held out an empty hand to them and moved his head tiredly in the direction of Saigon.

The girl stood close, saying soft and fluid things to him in words he didn't understand, but in a tone he knew well. He would learn all the words, so they could say how it was, and how it would be. Ed gently used his thumb to take mud away from the sweetness of the girl's smile, and knew they would survive any other swamps and any other men. Together, they were stronger than either of them could be, alone. THE END

IMPATIENT NUDE

(Continued from page 21)

an expert writer," she murmured, "but he can't fix a faucet, and he can't . . ."

Then swiftly and unbelievably Gretchen was crying and I had her in my arms. "I've got to tell someone," she wept. "I—I am like you say, a real woman and Giles is my husband. B-but he is a man more interested in research than the real thing. He writes about love, makes me do everything but stand on my head, but what happens?"

"What does happen?"
"Nothing. *Nichts*."

My morning failure was a part of the remote past. The present was a sensual, quivering female, a demanding woman; and praise be, I was ready. My hand slid excitedly over the curve of her breast, discovered its nude roundness beneath the flimsy stuff of her pajamas.

"Gretchen," I began, and that was all. The scene was over, ended as quickly as it had started. The quivering female pushed my hand away; not primly, but firmly.

"No, Riq. That won't work. You have Norma; I have Giles. I'm sorry I confessed; I didn't mean for you to see the books or to know anything about this. You're sympathetic and honorable; it is not always a good combination."

So I walked out of Gretchen's bouse a few minutes later; all gentleman, and possibly a fool. My main reaction seemed to be that the dammed book was causing a lot of trouble in the bedrooms where it was supposed to enchant.

When I got back home, Norma was curled up on the davenport, reading, and you guess what. I made myself a lonely sandwich in the kitchen, had another beer, and ate in silence.

Finally, Norma asked, "Did you get it fixed?"

Her question rang a bell and I refused to tell a half truth. "No," I said suddenly. "I've got to go back over. I didn't bring the right kind of washer."

"You're like all plumbers," Norma answered. "Forgetful."

No, my sweet one, I thought, I am anything but forgetful. I am remembering the sweet closeness of this German blonde, her moans of frustration, and the fact that while she had pushed me away, she hadn't pushed very hard. Life doesn't have to be like the TV situation comedies where the husband winds up a dope on the bottom rung.

I parked my car at Gretchen's house as before, then rang the front doorbell. No answer. I kicked myself for my too gentlemanly retreat an hour earlier. Zero and double zero.

I walked around the house to the back. The yard and the pool were sheltered by a fairly high board fence. I had to stand on tiptoe to look over. The effort was worth it, and all of a sudden life began to assume an entirely different and brighter pattern.

Gretchen was there, indolent and supine on a sunning mat, her upthrust breasts voluptuously bared to the sun. Indeed, the only thing between her and complete nudity was a brief *cache-sexe* at her hips. I waited as long as I dared, then called out.

"Gretchen."

She sat up without alarm (I love German girls for this naturalness), saw me and smiled. "Oh, Riq, did you forget some of your tools?" Then she calmly checked the fastening of her g-string, picked up a short beach robe, threw it over her shoulders, and came to open the gate for me.

"I forgot a hell of a lot," I answered. I walked inside with her and made sure the gate was closed and bolted behind us. Then I took her in my arms as though we had been waiting for each other a long, long time.

There were cries of protest, weak then weaker, and there was a dram or two of squirming, but beyond this I sensed excited acquiescence.

"I don't want any words or argument," I said. "I just want you. We're not readers, we're realists." My hands slipped inside her robe, sought and found those twin mounds begging for caresses and more.

It was challenge in the finest sense of the word. It was broad daylight and the bright sun was beating down. There was a husband who might return at any moment, and there was this girl who was a wife not my own. But by the time all those mental obstacles had set themselves up, Gretchen had demolished them. She had thrown off the robe and the g-string, and was waiting in the cabana, an impatient nude who would never need to read a book on marital amour.

Call it sin and we would have said yes. Maybe we also knew that it wouldn't ever happen again. It was more excitement than I had had in many a week. Gretchen was all that I had ever imagined her to be, but in confirming this I somehow also confirmed the fact that I loved my wife.

Being only normal, I had to wait until after dinner that night at home to take appropriate action. The rationale was clear; it was the book that was the apple in Eden, Gretchen's and my own. There had been no book that afternoon, and I may modestly say that I had never been in better form.

I waited until Norma had finished with the dishes. We had eaten in silence, but now I spoke.

"Norma, my love," I said firmly, "I would like you now to go upstairs and into our bedroom and take off every stitch you have on." As I spoke, I walked over to the table, picked up the "How Not to Be a Marital Moron" book and ripped it in half.

Norma started to weep again, and I laughed. "I'll count to five," I said. "If you do not remove the clothes by then, I'll do it myself." I walked over to her and let fly a sharp slap on her cute *derriere*, a love pat.

She was up the stairs in nothing flat, and I was beginning to like this game. I could tell that I wasn't going to fail;

don't forget, I had been a shorn satyr for days and days. I followed my beautiful redhead up the stairs and came to the bedroom as she was slipping out of her one remaining garment, a pair of black panties.

I took time only to explain that I was her husband and that I loved her, and this was the way it would be. We have been happy ever since.

Maybe it wasn't quite as easy as I make it sound, but it worked, and there are those times when a husband has to find out whether he is man or mouse. Where he finds this out is no one's business.

And Gretchen?

She's in Hollywood. It seems that Giles sold the screen rights of his book for a staggering sum to the films. They also signed him on as "technical advisor."

For my money, they should have bired Gretchen instead. If you live out that way, keep your eye peeled for this gorgeous German blonde . . . she may need help.

And give her my love! THE END

CARROLL BAKER

(Continued from page 11)

"I'm afraid I don't care for the glamour things," she was saying then. "Don't care for furs. Just kills me to put out money for jewelry. Not crazy about perfume. Except for sweaters and skirts and tweeds and good leather purses and shoes, which I love, I'm not very clothes conscious."

While she was being nominated for an Academy Award for her thumb-sucking nymphet role in "Baby Doll," Maurice Zolotow was describing her in *The American Weekly*: "She is, in her private life, about as erotic as the dean of women in a conservative country college. Her hips do not rotate when she crosses a room. Her bosom does not heave when she speaks. . . . She has never been to an orgy. . . . Her idea of a wild evening is sitting around with her husband listening to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony on the phonograph. Her notorious sensuality is just another movie illusion."

Unfortunately, this is not the stuff of which sex goddesses are made and for a time, perhaps because she was an Actors Studio product, along with such nonconformists as Marlon Brando, her studio attempted to publicize her as a "female Jimmy Dean."

But practically nobody, it turned out, was interested in a feminine version of the late actor and after Carroll had bought her way out of her contract with Warner Brothers so that she could devote her time and talents to "the drama," she was left to wither on a press-agentless vine, with only an occasional mention as a "normal" American girl. And if that isn't the kiss of death for an aspiring sex goddess, what is?

Yet this is the girl whose latest movies have been scissored of scenes deemed unsuitable for U.S. consumption . . . who appears at premieres in costumes that

would send Lady Godiva galloping back to the stable . . . who is making even Jayne Mansfield look overdressed.

There are stories that Joe DiMaggio, when he was Marilyn's husband, protested violently when MM was called upon to do a provocative scene, but it was Jack Garfein, la Baker's spouse, who directed her in "Something Wild" and started her up the primrose path to the exalted spot where goddesses dwell. Co-authored by Garfein, the story was that of a rape's aftermath, with Carroll as the rape victim. Photographs of her stripped to the waist began making the rounds, and editors who had thought of her as a rather dull and mousy little actress began taking a second look. In the Broadway play which followed, she appeared in a black chiffon nightie and, though the play closed in five weeks, Carroll reaped plenty of publicity.

There was "Station Six—Sahara," in which she and German actor Peter van Eyck were photographed, both apparently nude, under a bed sheet, with perspiration beading their brows. British censors snipped the scene, and for a long time the movie was never released in the United States, perhaps because, as her husband said, "Seeing Carroll lying on that man's chest, you really feel they've had an affair."

She did a television drama in London, where she posed for a nude statue which is still on display in the lobby of the TV studio.

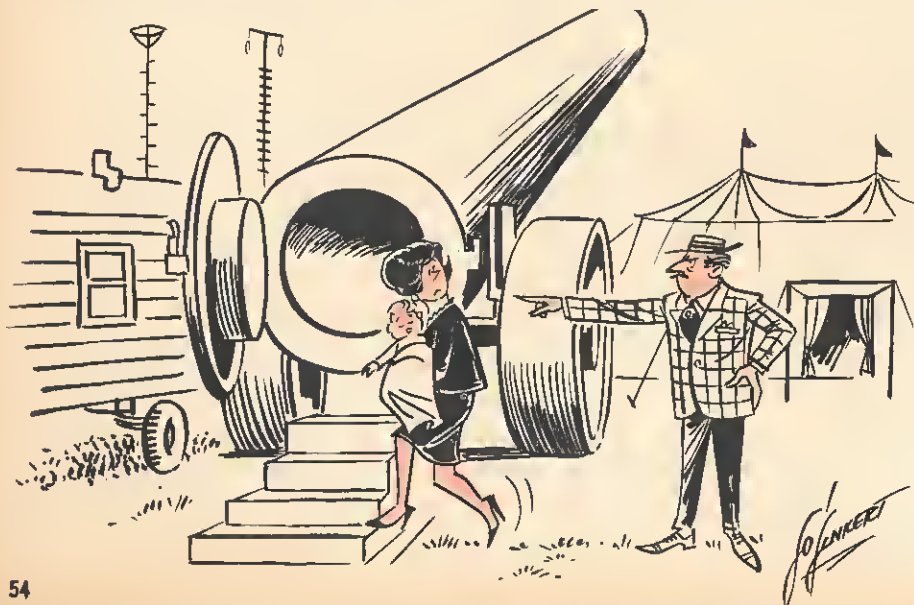
In the film industry la Baker was making something of a name for herself as a sexpot actress, but the public was still blithely unaware of her. Sure, she had appeared in a few provocative roles, but so had a dozen other, and better known, actresses.

THEN came "The Carpetbaggers," the titillating story of a movie star supposedly based on the life of Jean Harlow. For it, Carroll did a scene—later cut for American consumption—in which she walked, nude, from her bath to her dressing table, where she sat down to admire her body in her mirror. And another in which, tastily clad in only a few feathers, she swung from a chandelier.

"The whole world is preoccupied with sex and I guess I'm part of my time," said serious actress Baker, whose take-home pay had zoomed to a nifty \$4250 a day for displaying her charms so fully.

But a sex goddess, even an aspiring one, can't just make a movie and let it go at that. Under the shrewd and watchful eye of Levine, Carroll began appearing at premieres in gowns that left nothing to the imagination, and in which she couldn't even sit down lest one of the baubles which covered her most strategic spots become misplaced. In "Cheyenne Autumn," she played a Quaker and was fully covered from head to toe, but for the premiere, in Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, she turned up in jeans and a transparent shirt and went from one public appearance to another on horseback.

While she was still making conversation about being a "serious actress" and protesting that she did scenes in the raw only when they were important to the



movies for which they were filmed, she wasn't missing a single opportunity to become the Queen of the Sexpots. She ordered an entire wardrobe of peckaboo clothes from a French designer . . . posed last summer in one of the new topless bathing suits and had a special one whipped up by Hollywood designer Edith Head to wear around her pool. She arrived at Kennedy Airport in New York in a zippy looking outfit resembling a jump suit, made of lace and fitted so tightly she must have had trouble breathing, let alone sitting down. With high boots, yet. Does she wear leotards under such outfits? No, she said, that would be cheating.

She came to the party which marked the wind-up of "The Carpetbaggers" filming in the almost non-existent feather costume she had worn for her chandelier-swinging scene, without covering it—and herself—with a robe. She posed in the altogether for Playboy, naturally, and also for Cosmopolitan. She stretched out on a fur-covered couch in the middle of the Place du Tertre, in Paris, done up in a wispy confection which left little to the imagination of a group of French artists—and blew her stack when to a man they sketched and painted only her head. She strode up to the dais last winter at the annual Foreign Press awards dinner, wearing, not an evening gown, but a pair of tight sequin pants that might have come from Liberace's closet.

Before the release of "Sylvia," for which she personally researched her prostitute role, she had already signed up for a new batch of pictures with Levine, for which she was to be paid to the tune of three million bucks.

"Stars should live like stars," said her boss, suggesting a tremendous wardrobe, a white Rolls-Royce with chauffeur, and warning her not to travel without a secretary. The girl who used to enjoy wheeling her offspring in Central Park was now taking her chauffeur-driven limousine around the corner to the super-market.

LAST winter, months before the filming started, the ballyhoo for "Jean Harlow," her next role, had begun. When she went to London for the premiere of "The Carpetbaggers" there, she went by ship, with a retinue of newsmen in attendance, and in the five days on the Queen Mary between New York and England, there was a gradual transition until, on her arrival, she had become the platinum blonde of the thirties.

Will she be as naked in that as in her recent movies? Well, she told Earl Wilson, "Jean Harlow didn't wear many clothes. She never wore a stitch of underwear. I've got 150 pictures of her plastered around my bedroom and I know. But we're making it here and though the scenes are very daring, they're of a different type. . . . But in the spring we'll do 'Tropic of Cancer' . . . in Paris!"

How much of all this is real? How much phony? There are assorted opinions. "Unspectacular" was one reporter's reaction to her physical endowments—5'5", 112 pounds, 35-24-35. "A believable and beautiful woman," said a spokesman for the British censor board in snip-

ping a scene from one of her recent movies.

"There's this thing about her—a combination of purity and beauty and yet a corruption," says her husband, European born and a survivor of a concentration camp, whose views on sex are somewhat broader than those of the average American husband.

"An exhibitionist," says some of Hollywood. "Nothing but a hausfrau," say some of the tootsies who have become also-rans in the sex goddess sweepstakes.

"You behave so well in real life," says her mother, who refused to visit Carroll on the "Carpetbaggers" set because she couldn't take her grandchildren. "Why can't you behave on the screen?"

Naturally a sex goddess has problems. Like the TV repairman who insisted on pounding on her door at 10:00 o'clock at night . . . the telephone calls from strange men with un-strange propositions . . . the leers even of friends when they see her in a bathing suit. But there has been no gossip about her and seemingly her marriage is as solid as it was back in 1956 when she was being described as "sweetly serious" and a "typical American girl."

Maybe it all boils down to what Levine said of her. "She's a tremendous showman," he said. "She's a very hard working girl. She'll do anything to help a picture."

Even to catching pneumonia from exposure. THE END

SWAP CLUBS

(Continued from page 39)

standpoint, but because of the fact that this is not a large metropolitan area."

OUR concluding report comes from S.S., a successful businessman in a Southwestern state. He is single, has never been married, and participates in group sex on a basis which he seems best equipped to describe. Here is his own analysis of his experience:

"I haven't missed an issue of your magazine in several years," writes S.S., "and I must congratulate you on the continuing improvement in the quality of the magazine. It is developing real 'class' now. . . . I find the survey articles and letters interesting, but some of the reports are beginning to sound repetitious now, and that is why our group has decided that we should submit a report. I do believe ours is a little different.

"I am thirty-five, single, and my occupation is manufacturer's representative in a large Southwestern city. My income fluctuates in the range of \$15,000 to \$20,000 per year. I settled here about six years ago, and shortly afterward my sister, fresh out of a bankrupt marriage on the West Coast, came to visit me, landed a pretty good job paying nearly \$5,000 per year, and we decided she should share my house.

"About that time I stumbled onto a

contact in a group that practices swapping, and was invited to join the group. I didn't have a wife to bring along, but sis was quite agreeable, and the others took to her immediately. I frankly think it was sis who made the contact possible, for she is quite a dish, and the fellow who spoke to me had met her and I'm sure he thought she would be a welcome addition to the group.

"We began taking part in the group's activities, which included a lot of things besides mate-swapping; especially sports and outdoor activities, and just plain good living. There were never more than seven or eight couples involved, and usually no more than three or four couples got together at one time.

"One night, though, the whole bunch were having a party and we had a blindfolded 'scramble,' with each man hoping, no doubt, that his 'catch' would prove to be someone other than his own wife. But if it happened that way, they had the privilege of going along as 'caught,' or making a 'side swap with some other couple.

"Well, when the blindfolds were removed I saw I had caught my sister. We started to make a side swap with another couple, but sis said she was developing a headache anyway, so why don't we just go home? We made our excuses and left, but everybody was pretty high by then, also preoccupied with their own activities, so I doubt that many of them even noticed when we left.

"We drove home, then sister belted down a few more stiff drinks and began calling me 'chicken,' for wanting to swap her off. By that time I was feeling that if she could take it, so could I. You can imagine the rest. I must say sis had learned a few tricks since we used to play house, when we were in our early teens!

"Some time later we met another brother-sister couple who were in pretty much our situation, making a home together, but a few years younger than ourselves. Then, through them, still another couple whose respective marriages had gone on the rocks.

"Our three brother-sister couples just seemed to take to each other like ducks to water. Little by little sis and I sort of dropped away from the original group, although we still get together with them once in a while. But our real interest is with our three brother-sister couples. So instead of engaging in wife swapping, we engage in sister-swapping, and that is what is different about our group.

"The other two couples include an independent business man, a traveling auditor, a secretary, and a technician. One of the men makes about \$12,000 per year, the other about \$15,000 or \$16,000. The girls each earn \$4,000 to \$5,000. Perhaps we are getting sort of ingrown, but we have fun. As of right now, not one of the six people involved is interested in getting married, although we realize that time may come, either with one of the group or with someone else. All are quite eligible as to looks, educational background, income, and character as a person. So we don't know that

our little idyll will last; but while it lasts, we like it."

THAT concludes our report for this issue. Remember, your contributions will be welcome, on any phase of sex habits and customs of which you have personal knowledge. Simply address B.F. Shelton, 21 West 26 Street, New York 10, New York. The only requirement is that the facts reported be positively known by you, personally, to be true. Sign your initials only, name only the state in which you live—not the town or city—but do give background information on such items as your education, approximate income, age, hobbies, religious interests and kind of work you do.

NOTE: For the record, and to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, the editors of MR. Magazine wish to state that publication of the foregoing study does not in any way imply approval of the activities and points of view reported. Some, obviously, are at violent odds with the commonly avowed moral standards of our country.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has written, "If there is to be intelligence in coming to grips with the problems of sex, there must be the widest possible discussion of it and dissemination of views concerning it." That is the limit of our function. Any assumption that we, because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report, therefore sympathize with the activities or points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose. THE END

JAZZ

(Continued from page 23)

very much, but it's always enough to be considered jazz." When Brubeck played London a few years ago he drew \$100,000 into the box office. His record of *Time Out* sold an amazing 200,000 copies. *Take Five*, written by his alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, stayed on the pop charts for three months, which is a rarity for a jazz record.

Brubeck was mobbed by enthusiastic Britishers, but this is what the English press said: "His music has no connection with the real emotions of jazz." Another critic wrote: "Jazz in a gray flannel suit." Brubeck's reply was that: "The public is a darn sight smarter than we think they are."

The lack of "raw emotions" is answered by critic and writer Milton R. Bass who has been consistent in his admiration of Brubeck's music throughout the years: "Up to the modern period, jazz had always been a music of protest. It was a case of minority groups or lower social scales battling against the forces of majority, satisfaction and smugness. But the Brubeck group is not protesting against anything. They play happy jazz—intellectual, stimulating, exciting, introspective music."

One of the qualities that keeps a group together is improvisation. It prevents them from getting stale, getting bored. Brubeck has said: "Since we're constantly improving, a critic should spend, say, 30 nights in a row seeing us in a club. I know that's impossible. But fans do it, night after night." Dave is like Soutine and other painters, who suffered great mental anguish because, like all expressionistic artists who depend a lot on the subconscious, he worries whether he can repeat great performances. Brubeck's worries are not eased by the \$100,000 he makes a year. If the bank teller did not like his music he would cry.

Brubeck has studied with two great masters of classical music, Darius Milhaud and Arnold Schoenberg. A composition of his brother Howard entitled *Dialogue For Jazz Combo And Symphony* had its premiere performance given by the Brubeck Quartet with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.

Dave Brubeck is a tall, rangy, amiable man who is not the jive talking, booze drinking, chick chasing TV and movie stereotype of the jazz musician. He earned his first money from music playing hymns for a dollar. He loves his wife, home and children and part of his price for fame is that he must be on the road six months a year playing all over the world.

During World War II he played in the army band. That was fortunate because he once said, "I resolved never to have a cartridge in my gun if I ever landed at the front. I wanted to make sure beforehand that I could never kill a man." The original quartet consisted of Paul Desmond, alto; Joe Dodge, drums; Bob Bates, bass and Brubeck. The present group contains Joe Morello, drums; Eugene Wright, bass; his best friend Paul Desmond and "the Brube."

WHEN you see George Shearing in a nightclub, joking and punning and playing, his whole body moving joyously to his own sounds, you might think such a balling spirit was the result of a comfortable background. Actually Shearing was born totally blind on August 13, 1919. He was one of ten children of an impoverished coalman who lived in the Battersea slums of London. His musical training started at six when he was enrolled in a special school. Music was taught by braille.

Shearing used this method at first but found he could memorize music just by hearing it. His progress was rapid and a career in classical music was looming when he heard a certain record. It was Earl "Fatha" Hines playing *Chimes In Blue*. From then on it was jazz. He looked upon this musical form as the touchstone to free all the melodies, variations, improvisations he had in his mind. All these musical ideas had to be repressed when he was playing the music of the masters.

Shearing was still a long way from complete self-expression because in acquainting himself with jazz he found himself naturally copying and playing the music of certain jazz greats. Some of his early influences were Art Tatum, Jess

Stacy, Teddy Wilson and Earl Hines. He went through a period where he was billed as "the greatest English boogie-woogie player" then "the British Joe Sullivan" then "the British Earl Hines." It was to be awhile before the world would hear the famous phrase "It's Shearing You're Hearing."

At nineteen he was part of a 17 piece all-blind band which toured England for nine months. The leader had a special baton which swooshed loudly enough for the band members to follow his beat. It was Fats Waller who said to him: "You'll kill them in America." He was killing them in England, playing in Ambrose's orchestra, doing a lot of broadcasting for the BBC, recording for English Decca, and winning all the British jazz polls. But he knew these were the preliminaries, just training for the big fight—America, the cradle of jazz.

In December 1946 he paid a two months visit to the United States. He observed that there was no shortage of



George Shearing

jazz musicians here and also that no one knew the name George Shearing. In December 1947 he tried again, this time because some talent agencies had held out lures. When he reached the U.S. with his wife Trixie, whom he met in a London bomb shelter, the agencies reneged on their promises and Shearing took a job as intermission pianist in some 52nd St. jazz spots.

He again returned to England for a record date leaving his wife to keep bugging the bookers in his behalf. Be-bop was the music that was absorbing all the jazzmen who were tired of monotonous riffs. It was a weird music to the general public but George Shearing found the answer to make it very palatable. He formed a quintet made up of piano, vibraphone, guitar, bass and drums. In 1949 they came out with a record on the MGM label which was to change the whole conception of be-bop. It was called *September In The Rain* and soon sold a half-million copies.

It was a smooth, gentle sound. The melody was clearly discernable. It was a result of what the pianist felt was "the melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic

evolution in jazz." He feels that there are three possibilities for a musician. He can be downright commercial. He can be esoteric to a point where he plays merely for invention's sake. Or he can play, "what his mind feels is the amount of progressive music the public can accept."

The rest of Shearing's story is pleasant: successful engagements, plenty of Capitol recording dates, citizenship papers and a country estate in Old Tappan, New Jersey, where Mr. Shearing can indulge his interests in farming, writing popular songs (*Lullaby of Birdland* is one) and still study classical music. THE ENO

COLETTE BERNE

(Continued from page 35)

less shocked than I was, and she was the first one to step forward. Miss Fitch hauled her over her knees, stripped down her shorts and then—horror of horrors—took her panties down, too. She laid on about 20 smacks with her big palm and Mary Ann's seat was really pink by the time she got through. Then I had to go through the same thing myself. I tried to get away, but she managed to wrestle me over her knees and bare my bottom. The spanking really hurt, but having my teenaged fanny exposed was the worst part.

"I was furious about the whole thing and I wanted to tell my parents, but Mary Ann talked me out of it. She said the whole neighborhood would find out about it and the boys would tease us to death. We finally signed a pact of secrecy and we kept it for years. Later, when we were grown up, we laughed about it."

"Everything's been pretty old-fashioned so far," we said. "Don't you have any modern characteristics?"

"Sure," said Colette. "I'm sloppy, for one thing." She gestured toward the dining room, where her English racing bike was parked against one wall, records were piled haphazardly around the hi-fi, and a line of washing hung so low that the little pink trifles were drooping almost into the centerpiece of the table. "Clean," Colette added, "but sloppy," grinning as she flicked her long dark hair out of her eyes.

"I like other modern things, too," said La Berne. "Movies, for one thing. I thought 'Breathless' was great and I like far-out adventure comedies, too. You know, like 'The Man From Rio' and 'Goldfinger.'"

"What else?" she asked herself. "Oh yeah. I like modern lingerie." She pointed to the dining room again, indicating the brief nylon panties and "naked" bras hanging from the line.

"I like to wear as little as I can get away with next to my skin," said Colette. "I've never worn a girdle in my life and I never will." She thought that over for a minute and then added, with a smile, "Unless I happen to meet Miss Fitch again. Then I'll wear two." THE ENO

TOKYO

(Continued from page 51)

can try the local brands.

Sake, Japanese rice-wine, is drunk warm, preferably while seated on a Tatami mat with a kimonoed girl to serve it. Even the poorest Japanese home has a saki-set (sakazuki). Tokyoites drank an estimated 43,000 bottles of sake a day last year. They also consumed an average of 320,000,000 quart bottles of beer a month! This is not surprising considering the excellence of Japanese beer (Asahi, Kirin, Sopor, etc.).

Yet with all this drinking, drunkenness is rare in Tokyo (ask your psychiatrist to explain this one) although, just in case, the Yodobashi Police Station for drunkards in Shinjuku has accommodation for 120 men and 30 women if you run out of money for a hotel room.

On the other hand, Tokyo motorists drive like lunatics, contributing to the largest traffic death rate in the world. It's safer to stick to the sidewalks, which are so jam-packed that one manufacturer has put out a special "Slippery Coat" of tough, silky material to make it easier to slither through crowds!

Subways and trains are cleaner, faster and more efficient than New York's but are so packed at rush hour that they hire students as "pushers" to pack people into the cars. Still, working with guide-book Japanese, it's the most practical way to get about—just avoid rush hours.

And talking of guide-book Japanese, if you don't know the language you might as well be on the moon as in Tokyo. Only recently have street signs in English appeared and it was not until the Occupation that Tokyo had any signboards at all. (Our forces just named the streets alphabetically A to Z, or just numbered them.) But the true Tokyoite ignores these signs and prefers to go by intuition. THE ENO

FOURTH YEAR RASH

(Continued from page 9)

Two friends, during those velvet hours of the afternoon when time hangs in heavy folds, will find simple communion and become good friends . . . better still if they are a man and a woman.

Rafael and Alicia talked of books and new cars, of snow in the Sierras, spin serves and jazz. They lingered over coffee and the waitress disappeared.

Then Rafael, while the sun lowered on a small inn hidden in the redwoods south of the city, told Alicia about the Fourth Year Rash. . . .

After four years of marriage, a woman's sensual appetite becomes satiated with a steady diet of love in the conjugal hours of nighttime. She craves more

impetuous nourishment. She has a passion for love in the early morning or at dinner time and especially, for love in the afternoon.

Latin husbands (Rafael smiled knowingly) never miss siestas at home during the fourth year of marriage, and on sun-burnished afternoons when the air hangs particularly heavy and languorous, do not return to work at all.

The American woman is not as fortunate as her Latin sisters and her body, reacting the only way it knows how, erupts in a rash. Appropriately, at the base of the wedding ring finger.

If correct treatment is administered, the rash will clear up and disappear completely. Otherwise, it will continue to erupt through later years of marriage, forever chiding, chiding.

Alicia's left hand finger throbbed.

"The Fourth Year Rash," said Rafael. "There is only one way to cure it."

A beam of afternoon sun slanting into the room burnished two redwood panels a voluptuous gold.

ALICIA's afternoon with Rafael hung heavily on her conscience. It would have been even more discomforting to hear had not her rash, quite agreeably, subsided.

But not for long. Lacking proper care, it erupted again. From the time the sun climbed above the hills in the east until it sank inch by inch into the ocean, Alicia itched. When it rained, the drowsy hours of the afternoon further provoked her malady.

After one fiercely distressing afternoon in the second month of her fourth year of marriage, her unattended rash having spread with a red vengeance to both her little and index fingers, she fell into her husband's arms when he came home from work and entreated: "I can't stand this gawdawful rash one more day!"

Setting down his briefcase and the evening news, Alicia's husband took her hand and said: "That's an ugly rash, honey. You'd better do something about it."

SUCH are the demands of the Fourth Year Rash, and such the pleasures of its relief—Rafael was unable to administer sufficiently to Alicia. His Latin genes were willing, but he worked for an American corporation that did not include siestas in company benefits. The best he could manage was one afternoon every ten days or so.

Alicia's tanned good looks being in her favor, she was able to rally to her aid an assistant professor of humanities from the State University who had Tuesday afternoons free; the tennis pro at the club who was available on rainy afternoons and obligingly refrained from scheduling lessons on Friday afternoons in case it was a dry week; and an independent young butcher who personally delivered Alicia's weekly order, alleviating her concern by insisting that business was slow on Thursday afternoons anyway.

Every ten days or so, she cancelled other engagements for Rafael; she is sentimental.

Alicia's beauty thrived, her skin glowed with good health, her eyes deepened in color, and her movements were rounded and relaxed. Friends heeded, and agreed, that marriage sat well with her.

Alicia's husband also heeded and agreed, and was a happy man to have such a glorious wife.

Only once, when the golden California sun slanting into his office window was too enticing to resist, did he arrive home early to change into tennis clothes. As he parked in front of his apartment building, he noticed a familiar dark-haired figure leaving.

"Hey there Ralph," he called, "time for some tennis?" Rafael did not answer him.

Damned unfriendly Latin, he shrugged, and dismissed it. THE ENO

DEAR MR.

(Continued from page 7)

last two issues. I've been interested in your spanking letters, because they show others are involved in something which concerns me. I've decided you are sincere and after debating with myself have decided to write you my experiences. My wife and I are each 39, have been married 20 years and have two daughters, aged 18 and 16. I am an engineer, have my own firm, and provide a good living in a small, but fine home in one of the better sections of town. I am a big man, no Gregory Peck, but strong and fit. My wife is a small, but very attractive woman who looks years younger than her age. My daughters are both strikingly good looking. All three of the women in my life are darkly-tanned, well-shaped healthy creatures and I'm proud of them.

When I was growing up, my brother and I were rarely disciplined, never physically. We were never close to our parents. On the other hand, my wife tells me that her father always spanked her for punishment—she was an only child, yet she says they felt warm and close as a family. When we were first married, we did not adjust well. When we had arguments, bitterness lingered for days. If we had bad habits or did things wrong, we kept on with them. Things looked bad. After one argument, my wife came to me tearfully, said she had been in the wrong this time, confessed for the first time how her father had disciplined her and suggested that since she was still young, she might benefit if I as her husband applied the same.

The idea excited me, I was very angry, too, and I agreed. Although it has been many years ago, I remember it vividly. We were in our living room and fully dressed. I sat on the couch, she went over my lap and I began to

spank her. She wore a heavy winter skirt. I felt I was not getting through to her, so I pulled it up and began to lay it on her sheer panties. With this she demanded to be let up and started to struggle, but I held firm and warned her she'd get double if she didn't submit and that I'd take down her panties as well, which I finally did, finishing the spanking on her bare bottom with my bare hand until my hand stung.

Finally, she stopped wriggling and began to cry. When I let her up, she rearranged her clothing and left the room sniffing. I sat there guilty, fearful I had gone too far. However, she returned shortly, snuggled up to me, bashfully said she thought I had done the right thing and that she would be better for it and admitted that her father had always made her lower her panties when he spanked her. Since that time, I have always disciplined my wife and my daughters, too—at her suggestion, as they've grown up—with spankings on the average of once every week or two for each of them.

They do not always agree when they are in line for a spanking, but they have agreed to let me be the judge and they do submit at my order if often most reluctantly. From the beginning my wife agreed I should be punished in other ways and when she orders it I am denied the things I want to do—go to ball games or movies or to bowl or play cards and so forth. Our punishments are kept secret to ourselves, behind the doors of our home. I always treat my wife and daughters with extreme courtesy, particularly publicly, and I spoil them with generous allowances etc. They have anything they want. Possibly I feel guilty. In any event, I think they submit because they prefer the brief spankings to any denials or change in their good way of life.

The nature of the offense determines the extent of the punishment. It is usually administered in the evening when I get home or at night in the bedroom or den, but sometimes it may be on the spot, as at mid-day in the living room if I am angry enough. It is almost always a private matter between the offender and myself, unless one of the girls has wronged another, in which case I may let the one witness the other's punishment. The girls know I spank their mother, but seem to accept it as a way of life. I am sure they have never told anyone about any of it. My wife is always free to witness or participate in the girls' punishment, but rarely does so.

I usually turn the offender over my lap, but sometimes make her bend over the arm of a chair or the bed or lie face down on the bed. I almost always

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use my bare hand, but on occasions have used the flat side of a hairbrush, a ruler, a yardstick, a switch, and rarely my strap. They are all afraid of the strap and when I hold it before them they get big-eyed so it is extra-effective, but I hit them less with it than usual. I have never hit them hard enough to really hurt them, though always hard enough to make them cry, which is the point.

Depending on circumstances, I apply the spanking to their clothing, their panties or their bare bottom. Sometimes I make them strip down partly or completely. My wife and I realized from the start that embarrassment was a key part of the entire punishment. She is actually a shy and modest woman and it just kills her to have to expose herself to me, even after all these years of a sexually compatible marriage. We never make love afterwards, as that is not the point of it, though it is hard to resist sometimes. My older daughter is extroverted and seems to take the exposures well enough, but my younger daughter is much like her mother, very shy and modest, and she is terribly embarrassed by the intimate exposures and touch.

I am not sure how right I am in all of this. From the first time I spanked my wife I have felt a strange sense of masculine power with a lady turned helplessly over my lap, sometimes skirt up, sometimes panties down, once in a while completely naked, vulnerable to the sting of my hand. I abuse this power of spanking them more than I should. And I am sexually stimulated. I tend to caress their panties or bare bottoms while I am lecturing them before, during or after spankings. It is effective because it increases their embarrassment. But is it right? I don't know. I have never abused my daughters in any other way. They are fine girls, excellent in school, well behaved, never in any trouble, so discipline helps them. My wife is a good woman. We seem to be a happy family. It seems to work.

The last time I spanked my older girl was two weeks ago. She has graduated, has a good job, is going with a fine boy she may marry. She had stood him up in a moment of pique, inconveniencing and embarrassing him, and admitted she felt terrible about it. I suggested she had punishment coming and she agreed. This was in the den. I turned her over my knee, raised up her skirt and whaled my hand on her rear until color showed through her white panties. When I let her up, she dried her eyes, actually thanked me, told me she would ask her husband to keep her in line the same way after she was married and that if he would

not, she would come home for treatments. She left relieved.

The last time I spanked my younger daughter was about the same time. She had gone out on the weekend, failed to do a school paper and had wound up with the only really bad mark she's ever gotten on a report card. I got home late. When my wife told me, I went to the girls' room. She was already in bed as though to avoid punishment, while the older girl was getting ready for bed. I sent the older girl out, pulled down the covers, pulled down my daughter's pajama bottoms and gave her a whack on her butt. When I asked her how much of a spanking she deserved, she said she didn't think she deserved any. I was so mad, I pulled off my strap, ordered her out of the bed and over the edge of the bed and began to strap her



rear. However, I was afraid I would hurt her in my anger, so I stormed out.

When I got home from work the next evening, she was waiting for me and asked me into the den. There she tearfully admitted her wrong and pleaded my forgiveness. I suggested she pass up a big dance the coming weekend she had her heart set on. She begged me to let her go. I asked if despite her confession, she still didn't deserve special punishment. She admitted she did. I ordered her to take off every stitch of clothing. She protested, hesitated, then did it. She was red-faced and kept her eyes averted as I deliberately watched her as she stripped down. When she was naked, I turned her over my lap and spanked her bare bottom with my bare hand until it was almost hot to the touch. When I let her up, I made her stand before me and apologize before she could get dressed. And, amazingly, after she had dressed,

she bent down and kissed me on the cheek before fleeing.

About three weeks ago, my daughters and I were kept waiting an hour when we were ready to eat. My wife came home late from cards for the second week in a row and had not even started supper. It had to wait a little longer as I took her in the den angrily, pushed her over the arm of a chair, lifted up her dress and slip, yanked down her panty-girdle and gave her half-a-dozen solid slaps on her nice bottom. I then offered to take the whole family out to eat if she would agree to complete the punishment at bed-time that night. She agreed and we went out and had a nice dinner and evening. That night, after I was ready for bed, she showered. When she came out of the bathroom, she saw me sitting on the bed and knew what I was waiting for. She bit her lip, took off her robe and turned over my lap. I had a hairbrush. I raised up her sheer green nightgown and applied the flat side of the hairbrush to her rear until some time after she begged me to stop. She has not been late since.

However, one of the more of several curious incidents in our spanking history occurred yesterday and last night. We went to a company picnic my wife had not wanted to attend. She was cold to everyone and not helpful, wound up drinking a beer she couldn't take—she doesn't normally drink—and got giggly. The whole day embarrassed my daughters and myself. On the drive home, it was clear she had punishment coming. She was so giggly she didn't seem to mind and when we got home she even suggested I take her in the den and proceed.

This easy compliance angered me. I felt the daughters had a right to see justice in this case. And I ordered their mother over my lap right then and there. She giggled and refused, but I was firm. Finally, she went over my lap and I began to spank her. I lowered her shorts and continued on her pink panties. She stopped giggling and protested, but I stopped her struggling by whaling her until red showed through the pink.

After awhile, I asked my daughters if they thought their mother had had enough. The younger girl said yes, but the older girl said if I really wanted the truth she felt her mother merited a panties-down spanking. I agreed, peeled down her pink panties over my wife's protests and drummed my hand on the tender cheeks until she lay still, crying. When I let her up, she pulled up her panties and shorts, dried her eyes, looked around at her daughters shame-facedly, then, amazingly, they all began to laugh. Then she went into

the kitchen and prepared us a fine snack which we enjoyed in family comfort. My wife ate red-faced and standing up.

That night in bed, she spoke of how amazing it was that these spankings had made them all better people and seemed to have brought us together as a warm family. I agreed. So maybe it is worthwhile after all and my guilt is foolish. We have had many experiences, but these samples may be enough to let the editors and readers decide.

O.J., California

Dear P.F. and O.J.—Thank you both for your reports. J.J. in the April issue, with his question regarding the propriety of physically punishing his teenage sister-in-law, triggered a large response to which both your letters seem related. (Though O.J. makes no direct reference to the earlier report, he does discuss the question of punishing teenagers.) Most of those who have taken the trouble to write in to us appear to agree with the statement of O.J. relative to corporal punishment, namely that it "seems to work." THE END

GRAHAM STREET

(Continued from page 45)

Scholar hit her in the stomach.

"These are violent times, Emerald," Kelso said softly, "and this is a violent city. If you don't get some protection by Friday, there will probably be a terrible race riot here. You might get hit between the eyes with a stray bullet. It would be just another deplorable unsolved racial incident. You follow?"

Emerald gulped for air, tears streaming down her face. "If I wasn't a lady, I'd spit on you!" she said.

Kelso started to turn from her. Then he turned back and deliberately spat in her face.

"Let's go," he told the other two.

They started toward the door. When Kelso got to the bust of Touissant l'Ouverture, he gestured toward it.

"Smash this piece of junk!" he said.

Palmer lifted the heavy object and hurled it against the nearest wall, where it shattered into pieces. Emerald's scream died down to a moan.

"Bush," Kelso said. "Pure, unvarnished, virgin bush league." He walked out.

"I may get drunk today, Frankie," Emerald said later. "Even though it's bad for business. I may just drink myself into a hole and die there."

"What's the matter?"

"We're going to have visitors this Friday and they'll probably have hoods. I think they'll be the same people that burned a cross on my lawn last night."

"It ain't like you to be this nervous over a little Klan scare," Frankie said.

"I don't think this will be the Klan, Frankie." "What?" Frankie asked in a puzzled tone.

"I don't think they're real Ku Klux. I think they're Mafia."

Frankie Ray turned as pale as possible. "My God!" she whispered.

LATE in the afternoon, Emerald LaFontaine went into the police station and headed for the third floor. When she ran into the janitor, she politely asked the way to the ladies' rest room, started to follow the directions, then detoured and went into the office of Commissioner Otto Stackenwaldt. She was relieved to find that his secretary was out. She pushed her way into the inner office.

"Emerald!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Beast," she said. "It's been a long time."

"It sure has," he said, rubbing the scar over his forehead.

"I've got to see you about business," she said. "It's real important or I wouldn't have come to your office."

"Come in and sit down," he said, gallantly taking his feet off the desk. She complied.

Police Commissioner Stackenwaldt was a short, husky man with gray, thinning hair, heavy eyebrows, and the posture of an ape. An open beer can was sitting within easy reach of his desk and a couple of his shirt buttons were unbuttoned. Except for a nude calendar on the wall, there was little decoration to his office.

"The mob's after my place," Emerald said. "A guy named Kelso."

"I know," Stackenwaldt said.

"Well, why don't you do something about it? He's going to try to run me out Friday and blame it on the Klan."

"You ought to go ahead and throw in with him," the commissioner said. "I can't fight the syndicate; you ought to know that. He might be your only chance to keep your license."

"What about my license?" she asked sharply.

"I can't get it renewed for you this year, unless you've got some muscle behind you like Kelso. If there's any trouble Friday, I'll have to close you down."

"How much more do you want?" she asked grimly. "I can't spare anything more this year, but I can give your boys a bigger cut next year if . . ."

"It ain't that. I just can't hold out against the pressure any longer."

"Beast, I showed Graham Street who was boss when I was twenty-two years old and I'm sure not about to roll over and play dead after twenty-five years, police or no police."

"Twenty-five years," Stackenwaldt said thoughtfully. "Good Lord, that makes you forty-seven!"

"Don't it."

"You don't look it. You look about thirty-five."

"Thanks, but don't change the subject. Why can't you do something about my license?"

"You know how politics are right now."

"Politics!" she said contemptuously.

"Man, I'm a streets' righter. I believe in streets' rights."

"There's a problem of the chamber of commerce and the white citizens council . . ."

"There's a problem of you having a yellow stripe down your back," Emerald said.

"Now you watch it," Stackenwaldt said, rising. "You don't forget who you are and who I am just because we get along sometimes. You know I'll catch all kinds of hell if I dash around defending niggers, especially niggers with loose morals and . . ."

"Loose morals!" she exclaimed, leaping to her feet.

"That's what I said."

"Do you know," she asked, trying to keep her voice down, "how long it's been since I slept with a man? Do you?"

"Now, Emerald," he said, waving a hand, "you don't have to tell me a thing like that . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you anyway. It's been twelve years. Twelve years, Beast!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Is that a fact?"

"That's a fact."

"That takes will power," he said sincerely. "I congratulate you."

"Thanks," she said acidly.

"It don't change things, though," he said, shrugging. "You're still a known prostitute."

"What?" She moved to the desk and put both hands on it, quivering with rage.

"You're a known pros—"

"I am not a prostitute, I never was a prostitute, and you know it!" she shouted.

"You were convicted of prostitution," he replied in a bored voice, "in March of 1938. It's in the file."

"That was a frame and you know it," Emerald said. "Just because I accepted a present I never asked for didn't make me a prostitute."

"It's still in the record."

"Now you listen to me," she said. "You told me to remember who I am. Well, you remember who I am, because I am not just a nigger or just a woman or just a anything. I am Emerald LaFontaine and I own Graham Street and if you or any of your little Mongoloid idiots in uniform or anything else tries to push me off my street, there's gonna be blood! I don't take any more from this town that's about sixty percent white trash!"

Stackenwaldt slapped her across the face, hard. She staggered back, recovered her balance, and then doubled her fist and hit him in the jaw. Surprised by the blow, he fell back in his chair and she grabbed a waste basket and slammed it over his head.

"I could throw the book at you for this," he said, struggling to his feet.

"Go ahead," she said. "It don't matter, if I don't have a license."

She sank back in her chair, suddenly looking very tired. "All right," she said, "it's a dive. But it's my dive. It's all I've known. Don't you understand? It's my home."

"You said I looked thirty-five. Well,

I feel about sixty-five. I've tried to fight, but I'm not like I used to be. I'm just a tired old lady right now, and I don't remember how to fight. I will if I have to, but I don't want to anymore.

"Don't you think Graham Street is worth something? Don't you think my place is worth something? I'll run it legitimate from now on if you want me to, but I want it to be like it always was. I want people to have a place they can go to and have a few drinks and relax and pretend it's nineteen-thirty and forget all the sickness outside.

"Beast, I never begged anybody for anything in my life, but I'm beggin' you now. Let me keep my home."

"You ain't about to cry, are you?" he asked.

"Not," she said, voice trembling, "in front of the likes of you."

"You know I'm sorry for you, Emerald," he said. "You think you belong on Graham Street like you were born for it, but you don't. You don't belong anywhere in this state. You belong in some place like Jamaica, or some island in the Pacific, or even in the Klondike about 1900."

"I was born in New Orleans," she said. "My mama was part French."

"I know," he said. "You can't adjust."

"I oughtn't to have to," she said firmly. "I don't ask nobody to adjust to me. I just want to be left alone."

"Well, you can't always have what you want," he said, reaching for his beer.

"Adjust, hell!" she said. "You're lucky I wasn't here when you had slavery."

Stackenweldt smiled. "You wouldn't've been a slave, Emerald," he said. "You'd have been somebody's pampered mistress."

"I don't see no difference," she said.

He stared at her for a long time. "I can't promise much about Friday," he said finally. "But I can have a squad car close by if it really gets bad. I'll have to close you down for a while if there's trouble, but I can see that you only stay closed for a couple of weeks."

"What about my license?"

"Oh, I guess I can take care of it."

"Thank you," she said.

"Let me tell you something," Stackenweldt said. "Do-gooders always boller about the inhumanity of man to man. But man's inhumanity is better than any other kind of inhumanity, because man's the only animal that ever changes his mind."

"You're a philosopher, Beast," she purred.

"I am, once in a while."

She moved toward the door, pausing when she felt his eyes on her.

"Man!" he said. "If only you'd been white!"

She smiled dryly. "You wouldn't've liked me, Beast," she said. "I'd have lost too much in the translation."

"Good luck, Emerald," he told her.

"Good luck to you, Beast," she said.

She left the office and moved down the hall, swinging her hips. A rookie patrolman arrived at the office, blinked, and looked at Stackenweldt.

"What was she doing up here?" he asked.

"She wanted to see me."

"You mean she walked right in your office?"

"That's right."

"They're really gettin' uppity, aren't they?"

The Commissioner glared at him. "She's from Grabam Street."

"Well, so what if she—you mean that was the Black Panther herself?"

"You treat that woman with respect, sonny," Stackenweldt said. "That's Emerald LaFontaine."

SHE sat at the bar, staring into the mirror. The story of her life, she thought, sitting at the bar, staring into the mirror . . .

"Frankie," she said to the girl beside her, "it's a dump, ain't it?"

"I wouldn't say it was."

"It's a dump," Emerald insisted. "I've been romantic about it all these years, but now with Twocent I Overture gone I see what a dump it is."

"I don't agree with you."

"No?"

"Touissant didn't make the place. He's dead, but you ain't. That's what matters."

Emerald waited a long time before answering. "I'm not a bad woman, Frankie," she said slowly. "I used to be what you call immoral . . . you know . . . that was a long time ago . . . but I was never . . . wicked. I never really hurt anybody."

"But I would kill for my street. I mean that. I'd kill for it."

She stood up. "We're going to fight, Frankie," she said. "We're going to stand off the barbarian invaders like at the battle of Thermos Jug or whatever it was. And we got one more day to get ready."

She went to her private office, opened a drawer of her desk, and took out a list of names headed "People who owe

me favors." She spent the rest of the day looking up numbers and making phone calls.

At two o'clock Friday afternoon, a car pulled up across the street from LaFontaine Blues, closely followed by a second car.

A dozen men, all dressed in the traditional white hoods and robes of the Ku Klux Klan, emerged from the two cars and moved slowly across the street. Five, then six, then seven started up the steps of LaFontaine Blues, then stopped and looked toward their leader.

"Wait," he said. "Wait for her." With him, they turned their eyes toward the front door.

The door opened. Emerald LaFontaine came out and let it close behind her.

"Hello, suckers," she said.

She began to sashay (there was no other word for it) down the steps, and as she did so, the men unaccountably started back toward the bottom.

Then the door opened again. Several sharp intakes of breath were audible.

About eight men, dressed exactly like the men from across the street, came out of LaFontaine Blues and stood behind Emerald with their arms folded.

"It's a small world, ain't it?" Emerald said.

She moved toward the obvious leader of the first group, who had retreated to the third step.

"Confusin', ain't it, wop? We better not mix, or you'll never tell who's who."

When he made no response, she moved closer to him. "You could never know who did what in a thousand years," she said. "Who did you say might get hit with a stray bullet?"

She moved directly in front of him, suddenly flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the mouth.

"You're licked, wop," she whispered in his ear. "You can't fight all my friends. Get off my street."

He stared at her for a minute, clenching and unclenching his fist. Then he turned and walked slowly back across the street. Eleven hooded men followed him.

Emerald sat down on the front steps and laughed for several minutes. Then she cried for several minutes.

"I'VE MEANT to ask you," Frankie said a few weeks later, "I know you could find people who owed you favors to dress up like that, but where'd you get the Klan costumes?"

"I got them from John Harley, a fellow I knew years ago."

"Where'd he get them?"

"He's Klan director for the northern part of the state," Emerald said, smiling.

Frankie gaped in astonishment. "You mean he's a friend of yours?"

Emerald grinned impishly. "Not exactly," she said. "It's just that I've got something on him."

Frankie returned the grin. "You're a witch, Miss LaFon. You ought to be burned at the stake."

"Well, it's good to have contacts," said Emerald LaFontaine.

"Indubitably," said the voice of Frankie Ray.

BRAIN OR BOSOM: MUST YOU CHOOSE?

It probably won't come as a surprise to the average fellow, but Dr. Erwin O. Strassmann stirred up quite a flap when he stated recently, in a medical journal, that the bigger a woman's breasts, the lower her I.Q.—and vice versa. The doctor, a professor of clinical obstetrics and gynecology at the Baylor University College of Medicine, in Houston, Texas, has spent a lot of time studying the female of the species, on a purely professional basis, of course, and says that the bosomy babes have little interest in "things of the mind," but get by on instinct and intuition. So where does that leave Jayne Mansfield and Diana Oors and, for that matter, Liz Taylor? Doing very nicely, thank you.

USES OF ULTRASOUND

Life was easier, we keep hearing, in the days when all a man had to do was to keep off the Indians, shoot a buffalo for supper, and throw up a log cabin in between times. Nowadays the stress and strain is supposedly greater, and has brought with it some new and hitherto unknown, or undiagnosed, ailments. One of these is Meniere's disease, which is characterized by vertigo, ringing in the ears and deafness. The dizziness could be stopped by destroying the inner ear, but that wasn't very satisfactory since it resulted in total deafness. Now, however, ultrasound is being used to alleviate the dizziness without loss of hearing. Properly focused, the ultrasound destroys only the portion of the inner ear responsible for the vertigo, and leaves unharmed the cochlea, which contains the organs of hearing. With an improved generator developed in 1963 by Australian scientists, 42 patients have been completely relieved of their symptoms.

Ultrasound was also used to diagnose the heart ailment of a 14-year-old boy who is alive today because of it. The examination was made with a commercially available ultrasonoscope while the boy was under an oxygen tent, and detected the escape of fluid from the membranous sac surrounding the heart. It's no more difficult than taking an electrocardiogram, reported doctors at the Heart Research Center at the Indiana University School of Medicine.

NEW OPERATING TOOLS

In the not-always-so-good old days, a detached retina was one of the most annoying and uncomfortable ailments known to man. Once it had been re-attached surgically, the patient had to lie flat on his back for six weeks, with his head held firmly in place with sandbags so it could not move until nature had done its healing. Often, after such a long stretch, getting the patient out of bed and back on his feet was a major problem. But now things are different—and easier. Ophthalmologists are using the laser, a searing beam of extremely intense light energy, to glue the retina back in place. It was this new surgical tool which was used on the Duke of Windsor recently in a London clinic.

Along the same lines is a new surgical knife being constructed by a Columbia University scientist. Called a plasma arc, it will operate at a temperature of around 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, hot enough to cut through body cells instantaneously and seal the tissues to prevent bleeding. Charles Scheer, the scientist who's working on the project, foresees that this new gadget will make possible opera-



AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE READER SERVICE

tions on the liver, which surgeons have up to now shied away from performing because of the difficulty of controlling bleeding. Tests with the new knife are scheduled to begin—on animals—within a few months.

SPARE PARTS FOR SALE?

It's bound to be only a matter of time before the average Joe will be made up of as many spare parts as a teenager's jalopy. A whole army of doctors are happily at work transplanting kidneys and lungs and livers and intestines, with at least enough success to keep them hopeful. Most recently, at the University of Mississippi Hospital, a heart transplant was attempted. In one room was a 68-year-old man whose heart, weakened by very high blood pressure, was about to quit. Next door was a younger man, dying of brain damage but with his heart in good condition. With the O.K. of both men's families, plans were made to transplant the good heart—immediately after the young man's death—to the older man. But as the young man lingered and the older man slipped into terminal shock, the plans were revised, and the heart from a chimpanzee was substituted.

The operation went off successfully but the chimp's heart, smaller than that of a human being, couldn't pump fast enough to carry the circulatory load of an adult human being—and the patient died.

But the experiment was heartening. "It is clear that the heart can be transplanted in man," said Dr. James D. Hardy, the chief surgeon, "and that with further refinements in Physiology and drug therapy this operation may some day add years of life to many patients."

FINGERPRINT DIAGNOSIS

Any day now you may not have to go to a doctor's office to find out what ails you. You can just mail in your fingerprints. Anyway, the Neurological and Sensory Disease Service of the U.S. Public Health Service has been studying palm and fingerprint patterns of people with various neurological disorders and thinks the prints may be useful in diagnosing them.

HORMONES FOR QUINTS?

Those hormone drugs with which sterile women are being dosed so they can produce kiddies may be more potent than anyone imagined. Anyway, a Swedish woman who'd taken them gave birth early this year to

sextuplets, and last year another produced a batch of seven after being treated with the same drugs. All these were stillborn, but giva science a little more time—Octuplets, anyone?

TO OOSE OR NOT TO OOSE?

Wonder drugs accomplish some wonderful things, but they are also responsible for some pretty bizarre ones, too. There was the woman, for instance, who was taking one drug to bring down her blood pressure, another for hardening of the arteries, a tranquilizer, and something to help her sleep at night. But she still had problems. A bad taste in her mouth, itchiness all over, and unsteadiness on her feet. When she tried a new medico, he figured he'd better start from the beginning, and asked her not to take any medicine at all for two weeks. And what happened? At the end of the time, she went back to his office happy as a clam. ALL her ailments had vanished!

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

With all those batteries of egghead scientists in their white jackets working like crazy in fancy laboratories to discover or invent cures for anything that ails you, remedies have a way of popping up in the most unexpected places. Like dimethyl sulfoxide, or DMSO to us ordinary folk. A by-product of wood pulp, it had been around for years before its medical possibilities were suggested by the people who handled it in their work. And after trying it out on some thousand cases, it has proved to be an effective pain reliever in cases of arthritis, bursitis and gout, and even severe burns, though nobody yet knows quite why or how. Rubbed on the skin, it relieves pain for several hours and can be reapplied when distress returns.

GOLFERS BEWARE!

Out in the fresh air of a golf course a man isn't safe any more. The chemicals which are used to kill parasites that live on the grass, especially on the greens, may give them a skin irritation. Dr. Walter B. Shelley of Philadelphia, where there was a recent case, identified the chemical as a derivative of Thiram, which was first noticed some 35 years ago among workers in the rubber industry. Since then it has been used to prevent fungus on wood and fabrics and for a time was added to soap, in the hope that it would prevent such conditions as athlete's foot. Thiram is also the base of Antabuse, often given to alcoholics to destroy their taste for liquor. If a fellow is going to get a skin irritation and not even be able to enjoy a slug on the 19th hole, golf's going to lose a lot of its charm.

CHLOROPHYL BETWEEN THE TOES

One of the problems in operating for cancer has been that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a surgeon to tell how far the disease had spread and whether or not he was getting out all the cancerous cells. But this has now been solved in the case of cancer in the pelvic region, by means of a shot of chlorophyll between the toes. This outlines the patient's lymphatic system by turning it green, and when a substance that shows up in X-rays is added, doctors can tell from the pattern whether or not the lymph nodes are affected. Two professors at Harvard Medical School came up with this idea.



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